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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Story of a Life.* By the Author of *Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy—Recollections of the Peninsula, &c.* 12mo. 2 vols. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

THE author of these volumes, having been among the most successful candidates for popularity as a writer of observations on men and manners in real life, has been tempted to embody his ideas in the bolder flight of fiction. The scenes are principally laid in the countries he has already painted, namely, the Peninsula, Italy, and Egypt; but Algiers, India, and other parts of the earth, are visited by the person clothed in the character of the hero in this Story; and it is in his delineations of these parts that the author is distinguished from others.

The story is one of many vicissitudes undergone by Osman Beauvoir, an English gentleman of good family and fortune, who travels to see the world, and who enters into its vortices with such impetuosity as to destroy his own happiness, and those who are dear to him. This seems to arise out of a morbid sensibility more than actual crime; though, towards the close of his active career, we find him abjuring the Christian faith and (to save the life of a beautiful girl who loved him, and risked all for her love,) turning Mohammedan.

The work is full of episodes, and, like the Chinese balls of ivory, we have many within story, cut out cleverly enough. But what the book is, may be made to appear better by extract than criticism, and we shall therefore select such passages as will serve best to illustrate it for our readers. In this, from the length of the connected stories, we must be guided by the space we can spare, and therefore beg to give, in the first instance, the account of a capture by an Algerine pirate, in the Bay of Naples:

"The breeze blew soft—the mariners sung their evening hymn most cheerily—patios at every close; but yet most happy was the sound.

"It is a fine night for a sail, Senhor," said the Padrone; "shall we stretch out of the bay? A night sail had been so commonly my pastime, that it was his wont to ask this. 'Yes,' and to myself I thought, that I would thus wear out the night, and watch the stars, and listen to the waves. We had just cleared the bay, when suddenly it fell quite calm, and the sail flapped heavily, and the sailors lowered it with languishings, and asked me if I would let them sleep till the morning breeze. I did not like the idea of giving them a long and tiresome row, so bade them do as they would: they smoked, and sung, and told their little tales, and at length I heard no sound but the breathing of tired men, thoughtfully sleeping. For a long time I continued lying recumbent, with my eyes fixed on those distant worlds, of which we shall know more hereafter. At length I murmured my confessions mournfully; and poured my thanksgivings, and breathed my prayer, and felt forgiven, and felt hope, and thought of home without a fear, and then of fair Maria, attired as my bride, and kneeling with me at the altar; and seldom in my life have I sunk more happily or confidently to rest.

"Quick treadings awakened me: above me was the livid Moor; the turbaned Algerine: his knee was pressed upon my body; one bare and nervous arm grasped fiercely at my throat, and with the other he held a naked scimitar, and menaced death—but he did not slay. A dusky slave brought iron manacles and chains. I was a captive, and to the Moor.

"Allah Ackbar!—Allah Ackbar," was the loud shout; and the poor mariners of Naples wailed bitterly; and I was bound and dumb.

"They rowed us rapidly away, and their other boat kept close to us; and they were tawny men, with small skull-caps of red, and no hair but the ferocious moustache; and necks naked and bull-like; and the butts of pistols, and the hilts of daggers, stuck out from their girdles; and they laughed as they rose to their oars, and shouted, as in chorus, 'Allah Ackbar.'

"In the pale grey hour of early dawn we came alongside a large armed vessel. A golden flower-pot, with green and yellow roses, was pointed on its stern; a flag, blood-red, with the half-moon embowered on it, hung calmly floating above; and as we came upon the deck, the crew were rising from their rest; and some were combing out the beard; some curling their moustaches; some anointing the shaven head; some lifting water, and performing the prescribed ablutions; and they looked up at us, as we were driven forward, with mocking grins, and cruel eyes, and a contemptuous hate. All chained and writhed as I was, a something novel in this sight, something realising old descriptions, moved me to a kind of secret pleasure; and now the light broke brighter, and one voice, loud, deep, and mellow, was lifted up, and you could not hear any sound beside, were it even the rattle of a garment; once my chains clanked, and eyes glared on me, and I held them still. In the short call, my ear caught six times repeated the 'Allah Ackbar'; and I could distinguish, 'Mahomed Resoul Allah,' and 'la Ilah Illallah.'—'la Ilah Illallah'; and the Moors all rose, and stood with naked feet, and with the open hands of peaceful salutation, and they raised them to their shoulders, and crossed them on their bodies, and silently, or with soft under voice, they prayed after their leader; and they burst out at each pause with the loud Ameen: and eight times they prostrated themselves, and with their foreheads humbly pressed the deck. The black slave, and the Aga in his full turban, side by side, and their faces all turned to the sacred Mecca. Deeply the scene impressed me. I felt as the great painter; when a prisoner among banditti, that it were a sight to charm away for a moment the sense of misery. As my eyes rested on the groupe, methought one face was known to me; large moustaches of a thick bristly red, overshadowed in part a mouth hideous with a broken tooth; one eye was half-closed, the other scowled sullenly beneath the turban-folds; the blue collarless Turkish vest showed a thick strong neck; and broad herculean shoulders spread with a bursting strength beneath; a leg of vast proportions pillared the giant frame, and his voice was like no other, and his salutations and prostrations were done with clumsy, reluctant effort. I could not be mis-

ken: it was the Lisbon robber—the violator—has that murdered the fair girl.

"The prayers were no sooner over than we captives were summoned to the poop. The Rais was a short, thin, pale, cruel looking man. The deck was crowded; but there were no sounds, save alternately his voice, and that of his interpreter, and the trembling replies of a poor Neapolitan taken with me, who spoke the Lingua Franca, and then, at times, a long pause, and the gurgle of water as the snake-like pipe was slowly updrawn. The result of this was the taking off of my chains, and an assurance that, when my ransom was paid, I should go free, and a promise of freedom for those taken with me, provided I would pay their ransom, to which I agreed; and there came to me a cunning looking interpreter, and he gave me a place, and a carpet, separate from the other prisoners; and gave me coffee and bread, and squatted inquisitively by my side. During the day I could get no privacy—no rest. I had no power to think of my situation, and, in the course of it, I witnessed a strange scene of Turkish despotism. There was a sudden tumult, and loud cries, and all hurried off; and they dragged with them the renegade.

"He had struck, it seemed, the black cook, and had overset the food, and insulted the searag. Again all was silence, as, amid the hushed crowd, the two accusers told their tale; a muttered something fell from the prisoner, but the deaf silence availed him, and he felt fear, and the savage eye looked apprehension. The Rais drew up his smoke calmly and slow, and the long gurgle echoed loud; and their still smile just passed across his face, and he gave a motion with his hand, and they tied the prisoner's arms behind him, and pressed him into a kneeling posture; and a large African came forward, and his eyes rolled white, and he raised the shining blade, and the hideous head fell to the death stroke, and sea water was thrown upon the bloody spot; and the huge body was cast into the ocean, and the fierce head stuck upon a fixed spike on the deck, and all dispersed, and washed their hands, and gathered round the mats and trays, and dipped their hands into their messes, and laughed as they looked up at the grisly warning.

"To me the sight gave food for wandering thought. Justice had been delayed; but the eye of Heaven had followed the slasher of blood. Punishment had, like a blood-hound with a wounded limb, tracked him unceasingly, and found him in a den among violent and cruel spirits, like his own, where he had thought himself secure. Nothing had more astonished me, than the suddenness of the execution; scarce two minutes elapsed from the wave of the Rais' hand to the death, and there was no imploring, no struggle. Still as a forest' beast, encircled by dreaded fire, he kneeled mechanically to the pressing hand, and gave his bowed neck to the expected sword."

Our other illustration shall be taken from the sequel to the incident to which we have already alluded, the hero's sudden conversion, and it will show how well acquainted the author is with oriental manners. He is in Cairo, having just

his Selima and only child by the plague, and despairing in consequence of his apostasy.

"I walked about haggard in the behests. One day as I was returning homewards, not a week after the death of Henry, I saw a crowd, with anxious faces, hurrying towards the palace of the Pasha. Turks, Arabs, and Greeks, were all mixed together; but, there were more Greeks than I ever remember, on any other occasions, to have seen assembled in public at Cairo. The Turks and Arabs were talking loud and hoarse, and looking savage at the Greeks; these last were grave and sad; yet I thought there was an air of triumph about them, melancholy and mournful, but still of triumph; such as that with which conquering soldiers look upon their own slain and wounded.

"In the middle of the crowd I now discovered the object of their interest; a fine tall young man, with one of those pure Grecian faces, which have certainly a more dignified and more beautiful expression than the features of any other race on earth. He was clad in the habit of a monk, and he was now on his way to the Turkish judge, to declare his resolution rather to die a Christian than to live on as an apostate. The Turkish judge was in the court-yard of the palace, and, mounted on his grey mule, was just coming forth after an interview with the Pasha. He silenced the reviling crowd, and endeavoured to reason the unfortunate out of his extraordinary purpose. I pressed near; and looked steadily and eagerly on the offered victim. He lifted his eye and fixed it calmly on the venerable looking Turk.

"'I come,' said he, 'from the desert of Sinai. For months have I fasted on that holy mountain, in preparation for this hour. The rock my bed; the water of that scanty rill, from which the FORTY MARTYRS drank, and the daily dole of the convent-beans, my only subsistence. I have prayed to my offended saints for strength to bear this hour. I am ready.'

"The judge evidently wished to save his life; he remanded him to his dungeon, for he was already a surrendered prisoner. I followed him back to the spot where the prison stood! all the way he was repeating aloud his firm resolve, and declaring his eagerness to suffer. I returned home, and all night I thought with admiration on this noble young Greek. I, too, resolved like him to abjure the faith of Mahomed, and to ask the blow of the executioner. Yet, as I walked my chamber, I, that had already courted death, I that had embraced the corpse spotted with the pestilence, that had opened my vein for the black poison, and bade it mingle with my healthful blood, in the sincere desire that it might corrupt what is the life; I felt that I shuddered at the idea of a martyr's death.

"I threw myself down, and tried the prayer of preparation: it would not come. I could shape no form of words; my heart could conceive no prayer; my mind's eye saw nothing bright or hopeful in the dreaded future; and my flesh, my coward flesh, trembled.

"I rose with the dawn and went out; I hastened to the prison; the execution of the young Greek had been decided on. He was led forth with his hands tied behind him, and I learned among the crowd, that during the night the Turks had made great efforts to shake his resolution; especially his former master and patron, a wealthy and warlike bey, at whose incitement he had turned Turk about two years before. He was deaf to every promise, every allurement. He had turned from the offers of wealth, women, land, horses, all the fondest objects of his early, and known ambition, with contempt. They had finally tried the effect of

torture; he endured it. His countenance, indeed, showed, from its extreme paleness, what he had undergone; but though he looked weak, he walked firm. It was in the large open space before the mosque of Hassan, that the expecting multitude was collected to witness the awful and cruel death to which, by order of the Pasha, he was doomed. Many attempts had been made by his former master to get the dreadful punishment changed for the quicker and milder one of beheading; but they had not been attended with any success, for the Pasha was a cruel man, and a bigot.

"He was stripped naked; a cloth around his loins was the only covering that concealed any part of a naked frame, which might have furnished a perfect model of manly beauty for the imitation of admiring sculptors.

"I looked upon this form of life, and glory. Was it indeed to die!—and thus?—and so young?

"The dark executioners threw him down on his belly, upon the sand, and with a razor they gashed a deep wound for the impaling stake. Before they had time with their ready paste to staunch the flowing blood, a dozen Greeks, wounded and beaten as they did so, had broken into the still circle, and dipped their handkerchiefs in the stream, to them so naturally sainted; but the Turkish guard instantly threw buckets of water all about to wash up the precious flow, and many of his countrymen were driven back with the blows of staves and sabres, disappointedly.

"It was a long and pointed stake they now brought, thick as a man's arm, and they thrust it into his writhing body far, yet nowhere out; they had fixed a stay upon it to prevent this. And now, with a barbarous yell from all around, it was raised aloft in the air, then planted firmly in the earth.

"Oh! God—it is a dreadful passage to the tomb! It was very horrible—his moans—his quivering lips—his eyes upturned in agony. The sweat that stood upon his forehead—his call upon the name of Christ; repeated oft with that fervour of belief, which showed a mourning, penitent, imploring heart.

"Three hours he hung a piteous spectacle, and there came close to the stake a man of a great age, with white hairs, and feeble steps, and leaning on a veiled woman. The Turk struck the elder, and would have driven him back.

"'I am his father,' said the old man, 'do not strike me, without it be to kill—then, welcome, I am his father, let me look upon my dying child; and this his wife: suffer us, I pray.'

"Then the captain of that Turkish guard was moved, and he spoke kind to them, and asked them for one minute only to turn aside, and he gave the signal to dispatch him; so they took their mallets and knocked off from the stake the transverse stick; and it pierced, and broke through his white breast, and he bowed his head upon it and died with a loud (and it sounded a happy) sigh.

"Notwithstanding all the agony, sympathy, and shuddering, shrinking terror, with which I had witnessed this dreadful scene; although I had felt the night before that I had a fear even of the sword of the executioner, yet now—strange revolution of the feeling! my every nerve was strung up to like a sacrifice. I ran forward—I called aloud, that 'there was no God, but God, but that the Messiah was the Son of God, and Mohammed a lying prophet.' I clasped the impaling stake, and asked to be its second victim. The crowd would have destroyed me on the spot, but for the guard: while here I stood wound up to the sacrifice, and awaiting the sentence of the judge, who was in the mosque of Hassan, and

to whom some of the crowd had run, demanding my immediate execution—unthought of at the moment; unexpected—not seen even since I left Alexandria,—at lightning speed advancing, I saw, and know, the noble Malek."

Malek (his friend) saves his life, but he is confined for months in the prison for lunatics. He escapes, goes to India, and after a solitary life in one of the Maldiv Islands, returns to England repentant and unknown.

We have only to add, that there is a powerful interest in many of the relations; that some are rather over-wrought, but that the Story of a Life, will most probably be a great favourite with the lovers of sentiment and vivid description.

*Origines; or Remarks on the Origin of several Empires, States, and Cities.* By the Right Hon. Sir W. Drummond. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1825. Baldwin & Co.

To this singularly learned and curious work, we should accuse ourselves of having been too tardy in doing justice, were we not able to excuse ourselves in some degree, from its own character. It is not a publication to be understood, far less maturely analyzed and weighed, in a hurry. Scholars must pause over its statements, and the most ingenious men dwell patiently upon many of the philological and antiquarian hypotheses with which it abounds. We have done our duty by it, as far as pains-taking and reflection are concerned; but still we feel it impossible to do more than afford a very imperfect idea of it to the readers of our weekly sheet. How well our situation has been felt by the author himself, may be gathered from near the close of his second volume (p. 351.)

"The chronologer," says he, aptly and finely, "pursues his way, trusting now to one guide, and now to another; and he has consequently always two, or three, or more authorities to dispute against, in favour of the one which he admits. As he proceeds, he cannot but perceive that all his guides become more and more ignorant of the way. Their narratives abound with fictions sufficient to stagger all credibility; and the task of the chronologer is hard indeed, when he is left to make a choice among their mendacious reports. Thus is he compelled to build conjectures instead of establishing facts; to admit what is probable, where he cannot find what is certain; and to allow what is possible, where he cannot obtain what is probable. His difficulties augment in proportion as he removes further from the point, whence he had originally started. Like the traveller who sets out upon a journey when the day is closing, the light grows more feeble at every step which he takes, and the shades of night fall blacker and blacker around him, until he be at length enveloped in total darkness."

Writing in this able style, we have to thank the author for an immense number of acute and striking conjectures; which, if they do not carry conviction, at least teach us to ponder on their probabilities. In other places we find dicta less tenable—they may be good, but either a desire not to render his production tedious, or the want of authorities, has induced Sir W. Drummond to trust them to their mere naked assertion.

The first book is addressed to *Babylonia History*; and from it we copy a few, almost miscellaneous, extracts.

"In considering," says the author, "the account of the antediluvian world, as given by Berossus, to be generally allegorical, we shall probably see all the difficulties disappear, which had before encountered us at every line. I am well aware that there are some persons, who love not to hear that even the most fabulous histories can



be explained, when understood as allegories; but upon this occasion, at least, let these persons recollect the words of Polyhistor, to which I have already alluded—*ἀλλήγοριαις ἢ ὁμοιοτροπῇ μὴ ὁσιολογισθῆναι*. If this remark be well applied to one part of this history, it may be justly concluded, that all the fabulous parts of the same narrative may also have been intended for allegories. Thus the centaurs of Berosus may represent the first men, who mounted and subdued the wild steeds of the desert. In the satyrs of the same fabulist, we may recognize the mountain tribes, that drank the milk, and clothed themselves with the shaggy hides, of their goats. The monsters, who with the bodies of men had the heads of bulls, may have been the symbols of the herdsmen who defended their cattle against the attacks of beasts of prey. Those who dwelt on the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, and who gained their livelihood by fishing, may have been represented under the forms of men with the tails of fishes; and the dog-headed monsters may have typified the hunters of the forest, who shared with their dogs the dangers and the pleasures of the chase.

"Considered under this point of view, the language of Berosus becomes intelligible; and the author, ceasing to be a fabulist, rises to the rank of an historian."

Again, treating of the dispersion of mankind, Sir W. says,

"When, and where, did this dispersion commence? Chronologers and commentators have, indeed, answered this question. They assemble the whole descendants of Noah, about 100 years after the flood, on the plain of Shinar; represent this family as employed in building the tower of Babel; and suppose the general dispersion of mankind to have taken place immediately afterwards. These writers have, no doubt, believed themselves to be supported by the authority of Scripture; and they have besides been able to allege the testimony of Josephus, and of some other ancient writers in their favour. It is, however, only from the sacred historian himself, that we can learn the truth upon this subject; and his pages are as open to investigation, and are as clearly to be understood at present, as when Petau and Usher framed their chronological systems, or Dom. Calmet wrote his learned commentaries.

"Various considerations induce me to believe, that the general dispersion of the descendants of Noah took place ages before the building of the tower of Babel; and that the contrary opinion is not supported by the authority of the sacred historian. I shall submit the following remarks to the judgment of the reader."

"1. It cannot, I think, be asserted upon the authority of Scripture, that the general dispersion of mankind took place after the building of the tower of Babel; because the sacred historian first states the dispersion of the families of Japhet, Ham, and Shem; mentions the colonies which they planted, and the cities which they built; and then, in a succeeding chapter, records the attempt to build the tower. If this undertaking had been the cause of the dispersion, it would have been natural for the historian to have mentioned it as such, before he introduced his account of the Noachic families, which is really the account of the peopling of the globe of the earth after the deluge.

"2. Those, who began to build the tower, had been journeying from the East; and we may thence conclude, that this could not have been

"\* I cannot think that these remarks require any apology. Without adverting to changes which may have taken place, within the few last years, in my own opinions, I am certain that I have said nothing here in the spirit of scepticism."

the first migration from the mountains of Ararat, which, as I shall have occasion to show, are nearly due north of the plain of Shinar.

"3. We are told in the English version of the Bible, that God confounded the language of all the earth, and scattered the builders of the tower upon the face of all the earth. Now the words appear to me to be wrongly translated; and I would rather render them, *all the land*; because I think it clear, that the sacred writer only meant the country in which the plain of Shinar was situated. It can be shown from the Bible itself, that the language, spoken by mankind before the flood, was Hebrew; and as that language was the very one in which Moses wrote, it seems improbable that he should say, that the language of the whole earth was confounded.

"4. But it may be required of me to prove, that Hebrew was the language of the antediluvians. This can be easily done. Witness the speech of Eve on the birth of Kain—'And Adam knew his wife Eve; and she conceived and bare Kain, and said *hainiti aish eth Jehovah*, I have gotten a man from the Lord.' Kain signifies possession, acquisition, and the reference of Kainiti to Kain shows that Eve spoke in the Hebrew language. We are told, that 'Lamech begat a son, and called his name Noah, saying, this same shall console us after our toil.' The verb *nacham* is introduced here with direct reference to the name of Noah. The play of words is yet more remarkable, where Noah says, *Japhet Elohim lo-Japhet*, 'God shall enlarge Japhet.'

"5. When it is said in the English version of the Bible, that God confounded the language of all the earth, there is and can be no exception. How is it possible to suppose, that after this period the language of the antediluvians could have been preserved? But since it was preserved, why should we not translate *the land*, in this example, as we do in a hundred others? This simple and obvious change removes the whole difficulty.

"6. Had the mad attempt to build a tower, which should reach to heaven, been made within a century after the deluge, can it be imagined that no allusion would have been made to that awful event? The wandering hordes, that stopped on the plain of Shinar, seem to have been only afraid of losing their way, and of being dispersed, which indicates that this had happened to them before. 'Let us make a name (as signal), said they, lest we be scattered over the face of the whole earth (land).' But had the terrible catastrophe of the deluge been recent; had its history been familiar to these roving tribes; or had the fearful desolation caused by it been present to their eyes; would they not have reckoned it among the advantages of their tower, that it would preserve them from the danger of a second inundation? If we adopt the common opinion upon this subject, an opinion not sufficiently considered by those who formed it, we must suppose that mankind, a century after the deluge, had forgotten its moral cause, and had become indifferent to its physical effects. The moral cause was, apparently at least, the alienation of the whole human race from the worship of the true God, with the exception of Noah and his family; and can it be really and seriously believed that Noah, who was still alive, and his virtuous sons, Shem and Japhet, would have sanctioned by their presence an undertaking as impious as it was foolish!—an attempt to build a tower which should reach to heaven!

"7. After having related the events which had taken place in the plain of Shinar, the sacred historian abruptly changes the subject, details the genealogy of the family of Shem, in the line of Arphaxad and Eber, down to Abram, and pro-

ceeds to relate the history of that Patriarch. Now if the attempt to build the tower of Babel had been made only 100 years after the deluge, the connexion between the two subjects is not very obvious. What, indeed, in this case, had the building of the tower of Babel to do with the history of Abram? If, however, we find, as I think we shall do, that the building of the tower took place in the time of Abram; that the site of this tower was in the neighbourhood of Ur; and that the impious undertaking of his neighbours, together with their professed idolatry, was one of the principal causes why the Patriarch received his call, and was commanded to quit his native land; the transition, from the history of the builders of the tower to that of Abram, is perfectly natural and intelligible.

"8. When the deluge ceased, there were but eight persons who had survived it. And what was the situation of these four men, and four women, who were thus left desolate and alone? The whole earth had been submerged; every part of its surface must have borne the marks of its having been overwhelmed by the mighty tide; and it must have been long before the face of Nature, torn and lacerated by the dminering waters, could have recovered its pristine beauty. Long must it have been before the valleys were habitable; before the fields were cultivated; and before the flocks and herds could graze in safety on the marshy plains. Vast depositions must have been left by the retiring waves; and the rivers, in finding new ways to the sea, must have laid waste and inundated many a realm, ere their channels became either fixed or known. The powers of nature, as they recovered, would only tend to impede the progress of human exertion. The heat of the sun would cause the exhalation of unwholesome vapours from the stagnant waters; and the gradual exsiccation of the soil would be attended with the unceasing evaporation of pestilential effluvia. Forests would rise to cover the face of the earth; these forests would afford protection to beasts of prey; and men, before they could labour the ground, or find safe pasture for their cattle, must have disputed the possession of the soil with the savage tenants of the woods. Fifty years after the flood the world must have been a mighty wilderness—the plains full of marshes, and the hills covered with forests. Noah may have cleared a few fields, where he planted his vines; his sons may have done the same; but the progress of cultivation must have been gradual; and, under such circumstances, the increase of population must have been slow. It is then rather difficult to believe, upon the authority of chronologers and commentators, for the Bible says no such thing, that about one century after the flood, the descendants of Noah not only built the cities of Erech, Accad, Calneh, Ninereh, Rehoboth, Calah, and the great city of Resen, but began to construct a tower of such vast dimensions, that they proposed it should reach to heaven. The sacred historian tells us, that the descendants of Noah built all these cities, and that Babel was the beginning of Nimrod's kingdom; but he assigns no date to the foundation either of the kingdom, or of the cities."

In the foregoing quotation is comprehended a note by the author, on a subject of a charge which has been alleged against him—that of being a sceptic. It is our duty to say, that no scepticism deforms the present volumes; and we read with pleasure, not only the note alluded to, but also the following liberal passage:

"The events recorded in the 14th chapter of Genesis seem to me to throw considerable light on the question which is now before us; and I trust I shall be pardoned by the candid reader,



if I give a different explanation of this chapter from what I did in a work written some years ago."

Really eminent men are never afraid to confess their errors. We have only room to add the close of the very interesting dissertation on the Babylonian Tower, without adverting to the two curious passages included in it, which we subjoin as notes.\*

"It remains, however, for the reader to judge, whether, or not, the city of *Caneh*, or *Cané*, mentioned by Ezekiel, and generally thought to be the same with *Chatiné*, or *Catiné*, be the same with the city of *Cané*, noticed in the Anabasis. He will likewise decide upon the questions relative to the extent of the land of Shinar, and to the situation of the tower and city where the confusion of languages took place. If he think, that after the interference of Providence, and after the dispersal of the builders, these same builders returned to the same spot, whence Almighty power had driven them, and terminated there the labours which they had begun; he will consider the tower of Belus, and the great capital of Chaldean, as the tower and city of Babel, of which mention is made in the 11th chapter of Genesis. If on the contrary he think it improbable that all this could have happened, he will easily admit, that a new city, still indeed denominated *Bab-Bel*, *Porta Bel*, may have been built by Nimrod and his idolatrous followers, at the distance of near 60 leagues from the city, whence they had been expelled by the justice of heaven. The former opinion is certainly not confirmed by the authority of Scripture; and it is little to the purpose to cite that of Josephus and of Abydenus in its favour, since these writers

\* "Berossus' narrative goes on to say, that Saturn commanded Xisuthrus to bury all the writings, or records, in Sipart, the city of the sun. Ptolemy mentions a city of the name of *Sigphara*, near Seleucia. There was a city in Judea called *Kiriath-sepher*, the city of the book, or record; and we learn from Eusebius, that search was made, by order of Darius, for a decree in the house of the rolls (or *Libri Sepheria*) at Babyion. Thus we find, that among the ancient nations of the East, not only houses, but cities were set apart for the purpose of preserving the public records. *Kiriath-sepher*, in Judea, must have been so named by the Canaanites, more than 1400 years before the Christian era."

"That the Nimrod of Scripture was the same with the Bel, or Belus, of the Chaldeans, and with the Zohak of the Persians, may be inferred from the testimony of various writers. According to Diodorus Siculus, Belus was the son of Neptune and Libya, and conducted a colony from Egypt to Babyion, where he instituted an order of Priests called Chaldeans, who, like the Priests of Egypt, were exempt from all tribute and service, and who, like them, were employed in the study of physics and astronomy. (l. i. 28.) Both Cæsar and Cæphallon call Ninus the son of Belus. (Euseb. Chron. l. i.) Servius (ap. Arn. l. i.) distinctly names Belus as the first king of the Assyrians; and Jeron says that Ninus set up the idol of Bel in honour of his father. (In Ezech. and Hos.) According to the author of the Alexandrian Chronicle, 'Cush, the Ethiopian, begot Nembrod the giant, the founder of Babyion, who, the Persians say, was deified, and whom, being placed among the constellations, they call Orion.' Now the mind easily associates Nimrod, the mighty hunter, with the hunter, Orion; but the common interpretation of the words *Gibbor laud*, which, it may be supposed, gave rise to the fame of Nimrod as a hunter, appears to have been overlooked by the Orientalists. Their attention seems to have been directed to Nimrod rather as a hero and a giant, for such they fancied him to be, than as a hunter. Even the LXX have rendered the words, *he came began to be a mighty one upon the earth—the same began to be a giant upon the earth.* In the Arabic nomenclature of the constellations, that, which the Greeks named Orion, is called *Gibbor*, hero, or giant. This name of the constellations can be no other than Nimrod. Could the name of Orion, or Guriou, have come originally from *Uru*? Was Nimrod an inhabitant at any time of the city of *Uru*? May it not be thought that the Orion of the Greeks, in spite of the absurd fables which they have told, was the Nimrod of the Orientalists? The Persians have several denominations for this constellation, of which, I believe, the most usual is *Bahader*, *vir fortis et potens*, and evidently translated from the Arabic *Gibbor*. But the deified Nimrod, in spite of his being called *Nimrod*, the immortal, was compelled to submit to the common fate of all mankind; and Strabo, who has described the temple, has also mentioned the tomb of Belus."

might have been, and probably were, deceived by the name, which was given alike to the old city and to the new. The testimony of the LXX likewise appears to me to be of great importance in the consideration of this question; and upon the whole I am inclined to believe, that, if any remnants of the tower of Babel exist, they are to be sought for and may be found at Senn, as the Arabians now denominate the city called *Cane*, by Xenophon."

We purpose adverting to the Egyptian and other antiquities hereafter.

*Scrapiana Poetica.* Part I. By the author of "Juan Secundus." 8vo. pp. 53. London, 1825. Miller.

Is a careless publication of some score of miscellaneous compositions, such as are commonly appended (to eke out a volume) after a principal poem, and rarely sent forth in this pamphlet shape by themselves. We call it careless, because in the very first page we find such rhymes as "fame" and "gain," and the author speaking of adding brightness to the wailing eye; though other passages prove that when he pleases to take pains, he can write in a very superior style. Thus for example, on turning over only one leaf from the part we have censured, there is the following pretty apostrophe:

"O my lov'd harp, at whose fond shrine  
I early bow'd!—I will entwine  
A lasting wreath for thee!  
For tho' thy strains be deem'd uncouth,  
Yet they have wrapt'd my tender youth  
In bliss and harmony!  
'Tis not for long this heart can guide  
The airy wings of fancy on—  
'Tis not for long thou shalt abide  
Thus sever'd from thy Helicon  
Yet will I hope—when nought remains  
Of what existed here before,  
And we who lately heard these strains  
Shall hear the sound no more—  
Some friendly ray of memory may be free  
To hallow the dark tomb which then imprison'd me!"

An anacronistic is in a livelier strain:

"Pass the bottle round,  
Joy should have no measure—  
Life with love was brow'd,  
And wine was made for pleasure!  
Stoles still may deem,  
The smile of bliss deluding,  
But who that never knew its beam,  
Could call that beam intruding;  
Pass the bottle round, &c. &c.  
Who would bear the noise  
Of life without its blessings!  
What are all its joys  
Without those joys possessing?  
Stoles still may say,  
'That pleasure comes with sorrow,  
But who that sees the sun to-day,  
Will fear the clouds to-morrow?  
Pass the bottle round, &c. &c."

With this slight notice, we leave this slight but pleasing little collection to its fortunes.

*The substance of a Journal during a Residence at the Red River Colony, British North America; and frequent excursions among the North West American Indians, in 1820, 1, 2, and 3.* By John West, M. A. late Chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company. 8vo. pp. 210. London, Seely & Son.

THIS volume possesses a greater interest at the present moment than it might otherwise have done (though in itself a production of merit,) from the circumstance of its describing, with accuracy, the manners and customs of those tribes, among which, or others of similar habits, parties of our countrymen are about to range in expeditions of much public curiosity. When we do hear of Captain Franklin and his associates, (whom Mr. West met before, and from whom, by the by, it is rather strange that no accounts have yet been received,) we shall find them about to traverse a country inhabited by beings such as are here painted; and upon whose feelings, per-

haps, the success of their undertaking must in a considerable degree depend. We therefore read Mr. West's unpretending narrative with "increase of appetite;" nor is it diminished by observing the sensible zeal with which he states the results of his humane and religious labours as a missionary.

From York Factory the author embarked for the Red River Colony, and passing up Lake Winnipeg, after a difficult navigation, got among the Indians round Fort Douglas. Proceeding to Qu'appelle, he relates of the Stone Indians:

"Before I left the fort, I married several of the Company's servants who had been living with, and had families by; Indian or half-caste women, and baptised their children. I explained to them the nature and obligations of marriage and baptism; and distributed among them some Bibles and Testaments, and Religious Tracts.

"With the Indians who were at the fort there was one of the Company's servants who had been with the tribe nearly a year and a half, to learn their language as an interpreter. They were very partial to him, and treated him with great kindness and hospitality. He usually lived with their chief, and upon informing him who I was, and the object for which I came to the country, he welcomed me by a hearty shake of the hand; while others came round me, and stroked me on the head, as a fond father would his favourite boy. On one occasion, when I particularly noticed one of their children, the boy's father was so affected with the attention, that with tears he exclaimed, 'See! the God takes notice of my child.' Many of these Indians were strong athletic men, and generally well-proportioned; their countenances were pleasing, with aquiline noses, and beautifully white and regular teeth. The buffalo supplies them with food, and also with clothing: The skin was the principal, and almost the only article of dress they wore, and was wrapped round them, or worn tastefully over the shoulder like the Highland plaid. The leggins of some of them were fringed with human hair, taken from the scalps of their enemies; and their moccasins, or shoes, were neatly ornamented with porcupine quills. They are notorious horse-stealers, and often make predatory excursions to the Mandan villages on the banks of the Missouri to steal them. They sometimes visit the Red River for this purpose, and have swept off, at times, nearly the whole of our horses from the settlement. Such indeed is their propensity for this species of theft, that they have fired upon and killed the Company's servants close to the forts for these useful animals. They run the buffalo with them in the summer, and fasten them to sledges which they drag over the snow when they travel in the winter; while the dogs carry burdens upon their backs, like packs upon the pack-horse. It does not appear that chastity is much regarded among them. They take as many wives as they please, and part with them for a season, or permit others to cohabit with them in their own lodges for a time, for a gun, a horse, or some article they may wish to possess. They are known, however, to kill the woman, or cut off her ears or nose, if she be unfaithful without their knowledge or permission. All the lowest and most laborious drudgery is imposed upon her, and she is not permitted to eat till after her lord has finished his meal, who, amidst the burdensome toil of life, and a desultory and precarious existence, will only condescend to carry his gun, take care of his horse, and hunt as want may compel him. During the time the interpreter was with these Indians the measles prevailed, and carried off great numbers of them, in diffe-



rent tribes. They often expressed to him a very low opinion of the white people who introduced this disease amongst them, and threatened to kill them all, at the same time observing, that they would not hurt him, but send him home down the Missouri. When their relations or children, of whom they are passionately fond, were sick, they were almost constantly addressing their manitou, drumming, and making a great noise; and at the same time they sprinkled them with water where they complained of pain: and when the interpreter was sick, they were perpetually wanting to drum and conjure him well. He spoke to them of that God and Saviour whom white people adore; but they called him a fool, saying, that he never came to their country, or did any thing for them, 'So vain were they in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened.'

The winter season is extremely severe in these latitudes.

"We are suffering," says the author, "great privations at the Settlement. Very little buffalo meat has been obtained from the plains, and our principal subsistence is from grain boiled into soup. Few have either pepper, salt, flour, or vegetables. One of the Swiss was lately frozen to death on the plains; and a Meuron settler returning to the colony with a horse sledge of provisions perished also from the severity of the winter."

"Feb. 14.—Times do not yet wear a more favourable aspect, and most of the settlers are upon an allowance of a pint of wheat each a day. Sometimes a few fish are taken with nets, from under the ice, which are put down by making holes at the distance of about fifteen or twenty feet from each other, and affixing the net line to a pole of this length, by which the net is drawn in the water from one opening to the other, till it is easily set. The fish that are caught, are pike, perch, and a species of herring, called gold-eyes, and for which an exorbitant price is frequently paid. The northern Indians angle for fish in winter, by cutting round holes in the ice about a foot or two in diameter, and letting down a baited hook. This is always kept in motion to prevent the water from freezing, and to attract the fish to the spot. Immediately they take a fish, they scoop out the eyes and swallow them, thinking them as great a delicacy as the European does the oyster."

"The Sioux, like the Tartars, sometimes offer water as a symbol of peace and safety to a stranger, or of pardon to an offender, which strongly corroborates the idea that they were originally from Asia. Some time ago I was informed by an officer, who had numbers of them under his influence in the American war, that a Sioux Indian was doomed to die for an offence which he had committed, and taking his station before the tribe, and drawing his blanket over his face, in expectation of the fatal shot, the Chief stepped forward and presented some water to him as a token of pardon, when he was permitted again to join the party. They consider it also as a very bad omen, in common with the Tartars, to cut a stick that has been burnt by fire, and with them they consign every thing to destruction, though it be their canoe, as polluted, if it be sprinkled with the water of animals. And it is a remarkable fact, that the laws of separation and uncleanness, being forty days for a male child, and eighty for a female, observed by these Indians, exactly correspond with the Levitical law imposed upon the Jews in the birth of their children."

"They are truly barbarous, like the Indians in general, towards their captive enemies. The following circumstance, as related to me by an Indian woman, whom I married to one of the

principal settlers, and who was a near relation to one of the women who was tomahawked by a war party of Sioux Indians, some time ago, is calculated to fill the mind with horror. They fell upon four lodges belonging to the Saulteaux, who had encamped near *Fond du Lac*, Lake Superior, and which contained the wives and children of about twelve men, who were at that time absent a hunting; and immediately killed and scalped the whole party, except one woman and two or three of the children. With the most wanton and savage cruelty, they proceeded to put one of these little ones to death, by first turning him for a short time close before a fire, when they cut off one of his arms, and told him to run; and afterwards cruelly tortured him, with the other children, till he died.

"It is almost incredible the torture to which they will sometimes put their prisoners; and the adult captives will endure it without a tear or a groan. In spite of all their sufferings, which the love of cruelty and revenge can invent and inflict upon them, they continue to chaunt their death song with a firm voice; considering that to die like a man, courting pain rather than flinching from it, is the noblest triumph of the warrior. In going to war, some time ago, a Sioux chief cut a piece of flesh from his thigh, and holding it up with a view to animate and encourage the party who were to accompany him to the ferocious conflict, told them to see how little he regarded pain, and that, despising torture and the scalping knife and tomahawk of their enemies, they should rush upon them, and pursue them till they were exterminated; and thereby console the spirits of the dead whom they had slain."

"It does not appear that cannibalism is practised by any of the North American Indians; on the contrary, the eating of human flesh is held in great abhorrence by them: and when they are driven to eat it, through dire necessity, they are generally shunned by other Indians who know it, and who often take their lives secretly. It is not an uncommon practice, however, for them to cut flesh from their captives, and, when cooked, to eat small bits of it, as well as to give some to their children, with a little of their blood, no doubt under the idea that it will give them courage, and a spirit of hatred and revenge against their enemies. What can calm these ferocious feelings, and curb this savage fury of the passions in the tortuous destruction of defenceless women and sucking infants? what, but the introduction and influence of Christianity, the best civilizer of the wandering natives of these dreary wilds, and the most probable means of fixing them in the pursuit of agriculture, and of those social advantages and privileges to which they are at present strangers."

"Our fears," he continues, "were kept alive, however, as to the safety of the Settlement, by being informed of another horrid massacre of four hunters, a woman, and a little girl, on the plains near Pembina, by the Sioux Indians. Their bodies were dreadfully mangled, and the death of the little girl was attended with atrocious barbarity. When the Indians first approached and made their attack on the party, she concealed herself under one of the carts; but hearing the screams of her friends as the savages were butchering them, she ran from the place of her concealment, and was shot through with an arrow as she was running to escape. The frequent massacre of the hunters by the Sioux Indians, and the constant alarm excited at the Settlement by reports that they would come down with the savage intention of scalping us, call for some military protection."

Further delineations of character will be found in the following, with which we must conclude:

"A daughter has driven her aged Indian father, lashed in his buffalo robe, on a sledge to the Colony. He appeared to be in a very weak and dying state, and has suffered much from the want of provisions. I was much pleased with this instance of filial affection and care. Sometimes the aged and infirm are abandoned or destroyed; and however shocking it may be to those sentiments of tenderness and affection, which in civilized life we regard as inherent in our common nature, it is practised by savages in their hardships and extreme difficulty of procuring subsistence for the parties who suffer, without being considered as an act of cruelty, but as a deed of mercy. This shocking custom, however, is seldom heard of among the Indians of this neighbourhood, but is said to prevail with the Chipewyan or Northern Indians, who are no sooner burdened with their relations, broken with years and infirmities, and incapable of following the camp, than they leave them to their fate. Instead of repining they are reconciled to this dreadful termination of their existence, from the known custom of their nation, and being conscious that they can no longer endure the various distresses and fatigue of savage life, or assist in hunting for provisions. A little meat, with an axe, and a small portion of tobacco, are generally left with them by their nearest relations, who in taking leave of them say, that it is time for them to go into the other world, which they suppose lies just beyond the spot where the sun goes down, where they will be better taken care of than with them, and then they walk away weeping. On the banks of the Saskatchewan, an aged woman prevailed on her son to shoot her through the head, instead of adopting this sad extremity. She addressed him a most pathetic manner, reminding him of the care and toil with which she bore him on her back from camp to camp in his infancy; with what incessant labour she brought him up till he could use the bow and the gun; and having seen him a great warrior, she requested that he would show her kindness, and give proof of his courage, in shooting her, that she might go home to her relations. 'I have seen many winters,' she added, 'and am now become a burden, in not being able to assist in getting provisions; and dragging me through the country, as I am unable to walk, is a toil, and brings much distress: take your gun.' She then drew her blanket over her head, and her son immediately deprived her of life; in the apparent consciousness of having done an act of filial duty and of mercy."

Mr. West's interview with the Esquimaux, and other interesting portions of his work, we now commit to our readers with a closing commendation.

*An Encyclopedia, or Dictionary of Music.* By J. F. Danneley, Professor of Music. 12mo. London, 1825. Preston.

HITHERTO but very few and feeble attempts have been made in this country to concentrate and fix the meaning of the terms made use of in the science of Music; and with the exception of Dr. Busby's Musical Grammar and Dictionary, and a few other equally meagre compilations, there is not one English work that can pretend to supply the blank felt in this respect. It is therefore to be regretted, that the *Encyclopedia of Music*, by Messrs. Clementi, Bishop, Horsley, and Wesley, so long since announced, has not yet made its appearance, as the names of these gentlemen would be a pledge for something of a superior order; but seeing no prospect of its forthcoming, we were rather agreeably surprised by the publication of the present work, which, to judge by its name, would be likely to satisfy all the wants and

wishes of the friends of music, with regard to such a production. We have, however, been a little disappointed in these expectations. Mr. Danneley says on the title-page, that his work consists of "nearly three thousand articles more than any English musical dictionary extant;" and in it "are explained every technical word; the formation of every species of composition distinctly shown—their harmonies, melodies, periods, cadences, accentuation," &c. &c. with two hundred engraved examples—all in one very portable volume. A few extracts will best show whether it is as easy to fulfil promises as to make them.

In promiscuously turning over the pages of the letter A we find—

"*Accompagnateur*, the person who accompanies on the organ, the pianoforte, or any other instrument.

"*Accordeur*, tuner.

"*A Cheval*, a military signal sounded by the trumpet.

"*Avec*, with; as, *avec accompagnement d'un violon*, with an accompaniment for the violin.

"*A Volonte*, according to the will of the performer.

"*Audace*, with nerve; with boldness of character.

"*Ame*, soul; *avoir de l'ame*, to have a soul; *chanter avec ame*, to sing, &c.

"*Air Varié*, an air varied, or an air with variations.

"*Airs Tendres*, soft pleasing airs.

"*Annouer*, to decypher music with difficulty, to stammer."

Under other letters, we were struck with—

"*Oreille*, ear. See Ear.

"*Regleur*, a workman, whose business it is to rule music paper.

"*Lentement*, this word answers to the Italian *lento*, and marks a slow movement; its superlative, *tres lentement*, implies the slowest of all movements."

Having met, as it were accidentally, with so many French terms under every letter, most of which seemed to bear hardly any reference to Music, at least not for an English student, we were afraid of having mistaken a French Vocabulary for an English Dictionary of Music, and referred to the title; but that being as stated above, we went in farther search of something that might come more home to us; and after stumbling over a few concise German technicalities, such as—"Nach und nach ein wenig stärker"—which, by the bye, does not mean one jot more or less than the well known Italian "*Crescendo*," and which, on that account, is hardly ever seen even in German compositions, we were treated with definitions like the following:

"*Music-master*, a teacher of the principles of harmony, or of musical performance.

"*Music-paper*, paper traced with staves, for the purpose of writing music.

"*Ruled paper*, paper prepared with staves, traced for the purpose of writing music.

"*Bell*, an instrument of percussion, and immense vibration;" with a great many other of a similar kind, about the extraordinary importance of which no musical person can have the least doubt.

Mr. Danneley being so extremely explicit in minor points, we had good reason to expect he would be still more so in graver matters, and we consequently looked for definitions of Glee, Catch, Symphony, Overture, Opera, Trio, &c. and the following is all the information we obtained:

"*Glee*, a vocal composition for three or more voices.

"*Catch*, a species of fugue, or canon, sung in social circles.

"*Symphony*, this word is derived from the Greek, signifying a union of sounds forming a concert," and not one word more in the way of definition.

"*Overture*, an introductory movement, commencing with a few measures of a serious character."

Now, if Mr. Danneley would refer to the Overtures of Figaro and l'Enlèvement; by Mozart, besides many others, he would find that such measures are by no means essential to the character of an overture.

"*Oper*, or *Opera*, work; as Beethoven's Grand Sonata Opera 53.—Here Mr. Danneley is rather out with his Latin; any single work of a composer is called Opus 1 or 2, but not Opera.

"*Opera*, a dramatic composition set to music, &c.

"*Trio*, a composition of three concerted parts, or for three instruments obligati.—This is all there is upon "*Trio*," and not a word about the Trio to a Minuet, a Waltz, a Polonoise, and other minor pieces, which are often executed on a single instrument, and where the term is used in an entirely different signification.

"*Waltz*, an air in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, of a lively character.

"*Walzer*, a well known lively dance, the melody of which is in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, and of a lively movement.—Here Mr. Danneley is again completely out: any German Musical Dictionary will tell him, that both Walzer and Wals mean the same thing. In speaking of the German terms, with which the work is pretty copiously sprinkled, it may be well to observe, that at least one out of three or four is mis-spelt; *tz* having been invariably written for *ss* or *sz*; as *abstotzen* for *abstossen*—*zeitmatz* for *zeitmaasz*. The definitions throughout nearly the whole work are merely nominal, instead of being *real*, as may be seen from the terms Glee and Catch, of which nothing is said that distinguishes, or essentially characterises, one from the other. The rules for the formation of every species of composition we have searched for anxiously, but in vain. One of the most injudicious parts of the work is the extravagant and useless introduction of French terms. The language which, by common consent, has been adopted as the language of Music, even as to technical terms, is the Italian, and most of the French composers themselves make use of it in preference to their own. Upon the whole, this Dictionary, though not without some useful information for the Tyro in musical science, will admit of an immense improvement.

*Foreign Scenes, and Travelling Recreations.* By John Howison, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd. London, Whittaker.

THESE sketches combine much amusement and information; evidently written by an eye witness of each scene's comforts and inconveniences. Life in India bears every mark of *proisemblance*; but, however amusing, is too long for extract. However, tales of danger and marvellous escape are always attractive; and the following anecdotes of the West Indian Pirates (as companions to the older Algerine doings in a preceding Review (are romantic enough for the most determined novelist.

"A small American brig, commanded by Captain Smichton, and bound for Jamaica, fell in with a pirate schooner off the coast of Cuba. The brig's crew did not exceed seven in number, and therefore resistance was useless, as her assailant mustered forty or fifty men, and had a swivel gun, besides small arms. The former was therefore at once boarded by the negroes, who were proceeding to transfer part of her cargo to their own vessel, when Captain S. recognised their leader as having once acted as

ship-steward under his command. The pirate did not hesitate to acknowledge the circumstance, and immediately ordered his crew to desist from plundering, and to return quietly on board the schooner. They murmured at this, declaring that it was contrary to the agreement they had made with him on entering his service. But he persisted; and at length a mutiny took place, and they attacked the American crew, and soon succeeded in binding and disarming them, though not before Captain S., aided by his pirate friend, had wounded two of the negroes. The two commanders were now in momentary expectation of being put to death; however, the blacks, after deliberating for some time, let down the brig's jolly-boat, and ordered them to embark without delay, and to row away out of sight as fast as possible. Captain S. and his guardian steward did not attempt to resist complying with this tyrannical measure, but immediately got on board, and began to work their oars vigorously; for, on looking back, they saw three muskets pointed at them, as indicative of the reception they were to expect if they offered to return to the brig or schooner.

All this occurred about mid-day. When they had gone about three miles distant from the vessels, they saw both get under weigh and put out to sea; though they could not discover what arrangements had previously taken place between their respective crews in order to accomplish this. They now for the first time entered into conversation. Captain S. felt rather uncomfortable when he reflected that he had been the cause of his companion's misfortune, and began to fear that the generous feeling which the black hero had at first displayed towards him would soon be converted into hostility and rage. However, he was mistaken; for the negro, after expressing a violent degree of resentment against his crew, told the captain to have no fears for his safety, as he would, in the course of the night, land him on the coast of Cuba, which was then in sight; and added, that as he had formerly treated him well when under his command, he would show himself sensible of this, by assisting and protecting him to the utmost of his power.

After a night of hard and constant rowing they gained a solitary part of the shore of Cuba, and immediately disembarked. The pirate-chief having moored the boat, proceeded in silence up a dark and rocky ravine, full of brushwood, and unmarked by any path-way. He seemed, however, to be well acquainted with the spot, and hurried on so fast that his companion could scarcely keep pace with him. They at length saw a light glimmering at a little distance, on which the negro immediately whistled, and in a few moments after they were close beside some huts of the most simple construction and meanest appearance. Captain S. entered one of them with his guide, and to his astonishment saw two negro women, several men, and some children, all of whom hastened to meet and welcome the latter, whose arrival was evidently unexpected. The pirate having held some conversation with the party, in a language which his guest did not understand, the two females set about preparing a repast. "One of these women," said the negro, "is my wife; I live here when not at sea; I have merchandise and money in these huts; but this place is so secret, that were you now on the sea-shore, you could not find your way to it without a guide." They soon seated themselves at table, and had a comfortable meal placed before them. Captain S. observed, that though the parties were perfectly civil to him, their behaviour was without obsequiousness, embarrassment, or flattery, and that, if they had once known sta-

very, they had effectually cast off its degradations. The meal being concluded, the pirate showed his guest where he was to sleep, and left him alone. However, he roused him before dawn, and conducted him to the beach, where two mules were standing saddled, with a negro in charge of them. 'This man,' said the pirate, 'will conduct you through the woods to a small town, twenty miles distant, where you will find means of proceeding wherever you choose. You must pass him off as your servant. I know you have lost every thing. Take this to assist you.' So saying, he put a small bag of dollars into Captain S.'s hand, and was out of sight in a moment. The former mounted his mule, and, after a fatiguing journey through almost impassable thickets, reached his place of destination late in the evening. When about to part from his attendant, he offered him some money, but the man refused it, and went off immediately. Captain S. never afterwards saw or heard of his pirate-friend; but was led to believe, from some circumstances that came to his knowledge, that he was apprehended at sea, and executed in the United States, about a year and a half subsequent to the events above related.

"The Spanish government have lately endeavoured to form settlements on the shores of Cuba, by offering a certain quantity of uncultivated land to all foreigners who are willing to emigrate to the West Indies. Some years ago a Frenchman, from the southern states of America, made a plantation on the coast of the island. He had fifteen or sixteen negroes, and these he employed in raising tobacco; but was so severe a taskmaster that his slaves hated him, and were discontented and unhappy. The country around his estate being very wild, and totally without population, they never tried to escape, because they knew that they would in all probability perish in the woods while making the attempt. However, after some time, two negroes suddenly disappeared; the strictest search proved unavailing; and their owner was unable to trace them a single step beyond his plantations. In the course of the week several more were missing in the same explicable way; and the Frenchman began to suspect that those who remained with him were accessory to the escape of the fugitives. The former, however, would not confess any thing, although urged by threats, and afterwards punished in the severest manner. All this seemed merely to accelerate what it was intended to prevent. The slaves went off daily, till only a few of the weakest and oldest remained. The planter found himself on the brink of ruin, being unable to cultivate his estate from the want of negroes, and without money to purchase a new supply. His house was situated on the bank of a small river, which was navigable for light boats from its mouth upwards as far as his plantation. One night, after he had gone to bed, he heard the noise of oars, and on looking out saw a boat full of men approaching. He had scarcely time to imagine who they were before they leaped on shore, and seized and bound him, and then proceeded to his house and stores, and laid hold of every thing that was valuable, and carried their booty to the boat. The Frenchman, after recovering himself a little, perceived that most of the robbers were his runaway slaves; but they themselves told him so, and reminded him of his former cruelties, and threatened to burn his house. This proposal, however, was overruled by the person who commanded the marauders, all of whom soon after embarked quietly with their plunder, and rowed down the river safe from molestation. It appeared that the crew of a pirate-vessel had some time before landed on the coast, near the Frenchman's plantation, to get a supply

of water, and that one of his slaves had fallen in with them, and had been induced to join their party. He had afterwards visited his former associates, and persuaded them to abandon their master, that they might not only escape his tyranny, but eventually return and take their revenge, by committing the outrage now described.

"A pirate-vessel once attacked a sloop, the crew of which made violent and unexpected resistance; but it proved unavailing, and she was soon boarded by her assailants, who showed themselves inclined to proceed to extremities of every kind. The master of the sloop unfortunately had his wife with him. She remained below decks, while her husband stood by the gangway, and endeavoured to prevent the negroes from descending to the cabin; however, he was almost immediately knocked down and murdered. The female saw this, and, aware that she now had no one to protect her, rushed, in a state of desperation, into the hold, which communicated with the cabin by a small door in the bulk-heads. Her first impulse was, to open a large empty chest that had once held wine, and to take refuge in it, and to close the lid, in which there happened to be a chink large enough to admit air. Here she lay in total darkness, scarcely daring to breathe, and listening with intense anxiety to the noises made by the people above. She heard enough to convince her that the work of death was going on, and that the pirates had murdered many of the ship's crew. Comparative quietness soon succeeded, and the hatch being removed, the negroes came down to the hold, and lifted up a variety of bales and boxes upon deck, and sent them on board their own vessel. Among other things they seized the chest in which she lay concealed, thinking doubtless that it contained bottled wine. Her terror was so great that she would have discovered herself had not the suffocating closeness of her prison deprived her of the power of utterance. However, she felt herself lowered into a boat, and then swung on board the pirate-schooner, and eventually consigned to the hold along with other articles of plunder.

"The pirates soon got under weigh, and were so busy in attending to the navigation of their vessel, that night came on without their examining any of their new booty. The lady was in the meantime contemplating the horrors of her situation, and deliberating what she ought to do. If she remained in concealment she would soon perish of hunger, and if she discovered herself she would be a victim to the insults and brutality of the negroes. She at length determined to pursue a middle course, and to seek an opportunity of disclosing herself to the pirate-captain when none of the seamen were present. She had some hopes of accomplishing this; for she naturally enough supposed that the hold of the schooner communicated with the cabin in the same way as in her husband's vessel. When she supposed, from the surrounding stillness, that midnight was approaching, she liberated herself from her wooden prison. Total darkness prevailed, except near a chink through which a faint light appeared. She groped her way to the spot, and found that her guiding beacon was the keyhole of the door of which she was in search. It yielded to her hand, and afforded access to the cabin, as she expected. On passing forwards she found the pirate-chief asleep on a couch, with a lamp on a table beside him. Having secured the gangway door, she awakened him as gently as possible; but the moment he cast his eyes upon her he started up, uttered a cry of fear, and endeavoured to rush out of the cabin. She fell at his feet, and explained quickly who she was, and how she had

been brought on board his vessel, and implored his protection. The negro, on recovering from his first alarm, listened attentively to what she said, and then, after a little hesitation, told her that he had not sufficient control over his men to prevent them from insulting her, and that her only security lay in her continuing in her former concealment, till she found an opportunity of leaving the schooner. He promised to supply her with food during her imprisonment, and to put her on shore, or on board some vessel, as soon as he found it possible to do so. He now conducted her to the hold, and, having placed the chest in a spot less likely to be disturbed than any other, left her, and shortly returned with food and wine. The female remained two days in this state, undiscovered by the crew, and regularly visited by the captain, who supplied her abundantly with the necessaries of life. She had the liberty of moving about the hold all night, but was obliged to take refuge in her prison during the day, every place between decks being then exposed to the visits of the negroes. At length the pirate came in sight of a Spanish coasting-boat; and, having made her leave to, he at once brought his female passenger on deck, to the indescribable astonishment of his people, and embarked her without opposition in the stranger vessel, to the master of which he gave some money, with directions that their charge should be put on shore the moment they got into port. The Spanish seamen fulfilled these injunctions, by landing the lady at Havana next morning."

So much for these sketches, which must interest every reader.

#### BAYLEY'S HISTORY OF THE TOWER.

IN our last Gazette we introduced this valuable work to our readers, and explained to them the impossibility of fully analysing it in a publication so various as ours is. The following extract, however, to which we then alluded, seems to possess so peculiar an interest, that we are tempted to add it to our Review; for though the facts may be tolerably well known, we are not aware of any previous history which gives the whole particulars so fully. The Thurtell of a former age is thus described:

"Lord Stourton's imprisonment and execution were for one of the most daring and horrid murders that ever disgraced the annals of an civilized nation; and, perhaps, the effects of malice on the human mind were never more forcibly or shockingly exemplified than in this vile transaction.

"The victims to Lord Stourton's revenge, were William Hartgill, and John Hartgill, his son, two gentlemen of Kilington in Somersetshire; and, as the circumstances connected with this event present us with an extraordinary picture of the state of society at that gloomy period of our history, it may not be improper to introduce here a particular account of it, from a narrative which is stated to have been written soon after its occurrence.

"A quarrel had arisen some years before between the parties, respecting Lord Stourton's mother, while she was on a visit at Mr. Hartgill's house; and shortly afterwards, on a Sunday morning, his lordship went to Kilington, with a riotous assemblage of persons armed with bows and guns, and committed violent outrages. John Hartgill, 'a tall lusty gentleman, being told of Lord Stourton's coming, went out of the church, and drew his sword, and ran to his father's house, adjoining fast to the church-yard side. Divers arrows were shot at him in his passing, but he was not hurt. His father, the said William Hartgill, and his wife, being old folks, were



driven to go up into the tower of the church, with two or three of their servants, for the safeguard of their lives. When the said John Hartgill was come into his father's house, he took his long-bow and arrows, and bent a cross-bow, and charged a gun, and caused a woman to carry the cross-bow and gun after him, and himself with his long-bow came forth, and drave away the said lord Charles and all his men from the house, and from about the church; so not one of all the company tarried, saving half a score that were entered into the church, amongst whom one was hurt with hail-shot in the shoulder by the said John Hartgill. Sir Thomas Speake, the sheriff of the county, was directed by the lords of the council to repress these disorders, and to bring up lord Stourton, who was at first committed to prison, and afterwards bound to keep the peace; but the desire of revenge continued to canker in his breast, and the Hartgills were the constant objects of his persecution: he destroyed their corn, drove away their cattle, and kept them in a perpetual state of alarm for their lives.

"At length, availing themselves of the queen's being at Basing-end in Hampshire, they petitioned her Majesty for redress, and the parties being called before the council, lord Stourton promised that, if they would come to his house and desire a reconciliation, he would not only grant it, but restore their goods and cattle.

"Whereupon, trusting to his promise made in such presence, they took a gentlemen with them, as a friend, and went to wait upon his lordship; but on coming near to his house, a number of lord Stourton's servants rushed out upon them in a lane, and attempted to seize the younger Hartgill, and on his turning round and riding away, he was stopped by six others, who beset him before and behind, and ere he could draw his sword, he was wounded in several places, and they left him for dead.

"At length this business was brought before the star-chamber, and in the end, the matter appeared so heinously base on the part of lord Stourton, that he was sentenced to pay a sum of money to the Hartgills, and was committed to the Fleet; but some time afterwards was allowed to return to his country, having first given a bond for two thousand pounds to render himself a prisoner again in the Fleet on the first day of the following term, and promised faithfully to pay in the mean time to the Hartgills the sums of money in which he had been condemned. He arrived at his house of Sturton Caundel, and in a few days afterwards sent to the Hartgills, informing them that he was ready to pay them the money which had been ordered by the star-chamber, adding, that he also wished to commune with them for an ending of all matters between them. Kilminster church was accordingly appointed as the place of meeting, and lord Stourton came, accompanied with fifteen or sixteen of his own servants, many of his tenants, and some gentlemen and justices, to the number of sixty persons.

"The Hartgills seeing so great a company began to be alarmed, and the elder, as he approached lord Stourton, said, 'My lord, I see many enemies of mine about your lordship, and therefore I am afraid to come any nearer,' and though assured that they should have no bodily hurt, they refused to enter any covered place, save the church. His lordship first laid down a purse, as if he were going to pay them; but he had scarcely begun conversing on the object of their meeting, when he seized them both, saying, 'I arrest you of felony.' They were then bound with their hands behind them, by his lordship's order; he treated the younger Hartgill's wife in

the most brutal manner, and had his two prisoners confined during that day in the parsonage house, without meat or drink; and it is said that, had he not been otherwise persuaded by one of his men, they would have been murdered there that night.

"About one or two o'clock the next morning, these two unfortunate gentlemen were conveyed thence to a house at Bonham, within a quarter of a mile of Stourton, his lordship's own residence, where they were placed in separate apartments, fast bound, without food, fire, or any thing to lay on; and so they remained till four of the clock in the following afternoon; and then lord Stourton sent for their examination two justices of the peace, whom he made believe that he would the next morning send them to prison. The magistrates finding them bound, directed that they should be loosed, and remain so; but they were no sooner gone than his lordship again had them tied with their hands behind them, and directed all the keepers to leave them, except four of his own servants, whom he had previously engaged to commit the horrid deed.

"About ten o'clock at night the murderers took their victims to a close adjoining lord Stourton's house, where they forced them to kneel down, and knocked them on the heads with clubs, the base director of the deed 'standing in the mean time at a gallery door not a good coyte's cast from the place.'

"This done, the bodies were wrapped up and conveyed through a garden into the gallery where lord Stourton stood, and so into a small place at the end thereof, his lordship bearing a candle to light the murderers. This place adjoined lord Stourton's own chamber, and when they were brought there, life not being quite extinct, they groaned, especially the old man, and one of the ruffians swore that they were not dead; another said it would be a good deed to rid them of their pains, and, lest a French priest lying near the place should hear, his lordship directed that their throats should be cut, himself standing by, with a candle in his hand.

"One of the murderers now beginning to feel remorse, said to his master, 'Ah! my lord, this is a piteous sight: had I thought as I now think, before the deed was done, your whole land should not have brought me to consent to such an act.' To which his lordship answered, 'What, faint-hearted knave! is it any more than ridding of two knaves, that living, were troublesome to God's laws and man's? There is no more account to be made of them than of killing two sheep.'

"The bodies were then let down into a dungeon where they were buried very deep, and covered first with earth, then with two courses of thick pavement, and the place finally covered over with a quantity of chips and shavings.

"The bodies were found by sir Anthony Hungerford, then sheriff of Wiltshire, whose exertions in discovering them received the merited thanks of the council. Lord Stourton was apprehended, and conveyed to the Tower on the twenty-eighth of January, and on the twenty-sixth of the following month he was arraigned in Westminster-hall, before the lord chief justice Brokes, and other judges, the lord steward, the lord treasurer, and others, appointed by special commission to try him; and his four servants were sent down to be arraigned in Wiltshire.

"The two unfortunate gentlemen who had fallen victims to lord Stourton's violent and malicious nature, were protestants; and, as his lordship had always been a staunch supporter of the Roman catholic religion, and had rendered many services to the government, it was hoped by his friends that the queen would have spared

his life; but she left him to the laws! and there is no act of Mary's reign that does so much credit to her memory as this demonstration of justice, and her horror at the baseness of his crime. On the twenty-eighth of February, the council directed the sheriff of Wilts. to receive his body at the hands of Sir Hugh Paulet, and to see him executed; and on the second of March he was taken under a strong guard from the Tower, on horseback, with his arms pinioned behind him, and his legs tied under the horse's belly. The first day he was conducted to Hounslow; on the second to Staines; thence to Basingstoke, and on the fourth to Salisbury, where, on the next day, he was executed in the market-place; and it is said that 'he made great lamentation at his death for his wilful and impious deed.' It was directed that his servants should be hanged in chains at Meere, and the only mark of distinction shewn to lord Stourton's rank, was his being hanged with a silken cord."

We have only to add, that a list of the officers who have held command in the Tower, and other details connected with that fortress, are added to the bloody records of its prisoners. Mr. Bayley's work is one of great industry and research; and the plates which illustrate also adorn it, and render it still more worthy of public regard.

#### SIGNS OF BOOKS.

*The Little Lexicon; or, Multum in Parvo of the English Language.* London, 1825. W. Cole. If this volume is small enough to be called a toy (for it is about the length of the "fore-finger of an alderman;") it is well enough done to be thought a very useful abridgment of Johnson's great Dictionary. Ladies who are not blunders, nor in the practice of writing much, are sometimes, when they take pen in hand, apt to slide into bits of errors in their orthography—we speak experientially; and we have it on dramatic authority, that one nobleman, at least, spelt "Physician with an F; F, i, s, fis," (see the "Hair at Law:");—now this is the very book for these classes. My lady may pop the lexicon (i. e. dictionary—we translate for the unlearned) into her reticule, and take a peep unknown to any body, when necessary; and my lord, may in case of need, consult Multum in Parvo, (i. e. the many words in small compass, we translate as before said,) without suspicion, even in the House of Peers.

*Reine Canziani, a Tale of modern Greece.* 2 vols. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London; Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

REINE CANZIANI is a sort of Ida of Athens, but with a destiny exactly reversed; the fascinating Englishman, instead of the young Greek, being the successful lover. Lady Morgan's Lord B. is the prototype of this work's Monthermor, and both drawn from the life—Lord Byron. What resemblance they bear, we think we may venture to leave to the reading public, whose understandings must by this time have been tolerably enlightened on his character; at least, it is not the fault of his friends, or his foes either, if it is not. Thanks to letters, memoirs, &c. &c. In these volumes there is too great a display of fine writing, but there is that degree of interest in the story which youth, beauty, and sorrow, must always excite.

*The Travellers, a Tale illustrative of the Manners, Customs, and Superstitions of modern Greece.* By S. Kendrick. 3 vols. Arnold, London. This is a very lively picture of what it professes to be, combining an interesting tale with animated sketches of manners, &c. that are depicted with the pencil of an observing and intelligent traveller.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

At the sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, on Monday the 25th instant, Dr. Dulaud de Saint Michel finished reading his memoir on the operation, by means of which he has succeeded in restoring the faculties of hearing and of speech to a child born deaf and dumb. The principal object of the author was to fix the attention upon the singular sympathy that exists between the sense of hearing, and the organs of speech. An intermediate intellectual operation is, according to him, indispensable for the existence of this sympathy; and it is from this cause that children understand our language long before they can themselves pronounce any words. The principal observations that have struck his attention in the case of his present young patient, are—first, that the child was able to read before he was able to speak; second, that even at this moment he pronounces much better what he reads than what he hears; third, that he hears perfectly distinct every noise made within a certain distance, which enables him, when in the street, to avoid being run over by the carriages; fourth, that he can distinguish the difference between the times in music, and that he takes great pleasure in the airs that he hears sung. The Doctor added, that although it is not more than a year since he commenced the education of his young pupil, he can already understand and explain the words composing four hundred phrases, but that he is not yet sufficiently advanced to answer all those who may question him.

The child himself was present, and recited some verses. His pronunciation is so distinct as to allow every word he said to be heard; but his voice has not the least degree of harmony, and produces the disagreeable effect caused by that of deaf and dumb persons, who have been taught to pronounce some words in their harsh and unintelligible manner.

The *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie de Paris* for March, contains some very interesting geographical intelligence, from which we extract the following:

*Africa*.—A letter from M. Pacho, addressed to M. Jomard, and dated Derna, states, that he is on the point of penetrating into the *Cyrenaica*. He has already visited the whole of the ancient *Marmarica*, and has taken sketches of all the constructions of any importance or curiosity. From the accounts of the inhabitants he promises himself a rich harvest of discoveries in the interior of the country. He has already seen some ruins which are very curious, from the mixture of Egyptian antique style with another species of African architecture, which has been hitherto unknown.

A young man, who is attached to the Court of the Viceroy of Egypt, and nephew of the resident Minister at Paris, has lately arrived in this city. He informs us that the College at Boulaq contains a great number of pupils, and that the most eminent French and Italian works are translated for them into Arabic. The lessons are gratuitous. The establishment is under the direction of Haggi Osman Nouredin, who visited Paris in 1822. The telegraph brings intelligence from Cairo to Alexandria in forty minutes. A printing-office has been established at Boulaq, and is in full activity. These germs of civilization will not fail to produce their fruits: they date from the period of the French expedition into that country.

Upwards of 7,000 francs have already been subscribed as an encouragement for a journey to Tombuctoo by the way of Senegal. This discovery, if it should be effected, would procure very important advantages for France on account

of its establishments on the Upper Senegal, in the information it would give respecting the course of the Djoliba or Niger, and is a matter of the highest interest to commerce, industry, and the sciences in general.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## MEDICAL REPORT.

"—Wasteful forth

Walks the dire power of pestilence disease."—Thomson.  
DURING the interval, which circumstances have rendered longer than we intended, between our last report and the present, the weather, although displaying the aspect of summer, has, yet, been less salutary to the human constitution than might have been expected. The return of the east wind has reproduced those effects on the habit, which we endeavoured to explain in our former Report—Rheumatism, Fevers, Erysipales, and Consumption, have been brought on its wings; and, in many instances, diseases of an inflammatory nature have been peculiarly severe; the warmth of the weather, for some days, in the beginning of this month, having induced many persons imprudently to throw aside their winter clothing.

Among other diseases, which have lately prevailed, Small-pox has raged so extensively among the lower classes of society, as to excite the greatest alarm; and to weaken the confidence which many sensible and well-informed individuals have placed in vaccination. Numbers of young people have been re-vaccinated, and some even inoculated with Small-pox virus. No objections can reasonably be opposed to re-vaccination. Where the Vaccine disease has been properly taken at first, the only effect produced by the attempt to renew it, is the formation of a pimple occasioned by the local irritation of the virus inserted into the arm. In those instances in which the constitution has not been previously fully affected, the second vaccination is a satisfactory measure for the security of the individual, as far as that can be accomplished by the preventive disease. We cannot, however, admit the same force to the arguments in favour of the inoculation of Small-pox on persons who have had the Vaccine disease; for we are of opinion, that that is too severe a test of the effects of vaccination in warding off the attack of Small-pox. We would contend strenuously for the security which the having been vaccinated and having passed properly through the Vaccine disease, affords against Small-pox, when that malady is communicated through the medium of the air; yet we hesitate to insist as stoutly in favour of its securing the individual into whose system the virus of the Small-pox is inserted by inoculation. In the one case, the infectious exhalation from the body of the diseased is much diluted, and consequently weakened, by admixture with the air through which it passes; in the other, it is carried in a concentrated state into the current of the circulation of the blood, and exerts its noxious influence in a manner most favourable for the production of the disease. Yet we have seen many individuals who had had Cow-pox, resist Small-pox, even when they were inoculated for that complaint twelve and fifteen years afterwards. We are, besides, disposed to believe, that most of the failures have arisen from the careless manner in which vaccination has frequently been performed; many practitioners having been contented with the production of one vesicle, which they have not hesitated to open for the purpose of obtaining lymph. There is every reason for supposing, that in such cases the constitutional affection has not been produced. We are, indeed, so satisfied of the accuracy of our opinion on this point, that we have long been in the habit

of producing at least two vesicles on each arm, and never opening more than one of these. Whether the opinion, that the constitutional disease is produced by the absorption of the virus be correct, we do not mean here to argue; but hesitate not to assert, that in those cases in which the vesicles were either left altogether to run their course undisturbed, or one only of three or four was opened, the constitutional fever has undoubtedly been more apparent. How many cases of Small-pox after vaccination have arisen from inattention to the circumstance which we have just mentioned, cannot be ascertained; and the fact that Small-pox has occurred in individuals who were vaccinated by Dr. Jenner, does not destroy the force of this argument: for it is well known that he was not aware of the necessity of preserving the vesicles undisturbed in the early part of his practice of vaccination.

An opinion has prevailed with the public, although it has gained the assent of very few professional men, that the preventive influence of vaccination continues for a specific number of years only; and, therefore, that it ought to be renewed at the end of every period of seven, ten, or twelve years. How such an idea originated, we cannot conceive; as no accurate experiments nor observations have been made to determine the point; and if, as we imagine, it be merely hypothetical, the opinion is too vague to influence the practice; although, as we have already remarked, no decided objections can be advanced against re-vaccination. We would hint a much more probable idea, which we should wish to see investigated—that the virus becomes weakened in the direct ratio as the distance it may have attained from its original source in the Cow. Thus supposing the virus to possess a maximum of activity when taken directly from the quadruped and inserted into the human system, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that it shall become less and less active in every successive vaccination of one individual from another, until it become, at length, capable only of producing the local diseased appearances without the constitutional affection, and, of course, ceases to be any longer a preventive of Small-pox. That a diminution of activity in the virus of some diseases, which are of a contagious nature, has actually taken place, is evident from the milder forms which these diseases now assume, compared with those which they formerly presented: now, as this has been ascertained in one disease communicated by contagion or inoculation, there is strong reason for supposing that the same law may influence others: nor would it be difficult to ascertain the fact in the case of Cow-pox, although a period of at least twenty years would be required for the completion of the observations which would be required. The following is the plan which we should suggest for ascertaining the fact.

Let every Practitioner of Medicine throughout the kingdom be furnished with tables, constructed in the form of a genealogical tree, the root of which shall be the Cow; and oblige him, by an Act of Parliament, to enter on the branches of that tree the age of the virus which he employs in every vaccination. Thus: suppose that the tree contain one hundred branches, proceeding in right angles from the stem, those vaccinations which are performed with virus taken directly from the Cow would be recorded on the first branch immediately above the root, on each side of the stem; the vaccinations with virus taken from the individuals there recorded should be inserted on the second branch; and those again, from these on the third; proceeding in the same manner until the virus cease to operate as a preventive. At this point, then, the tree should terminate; and if the same point be that at which it is fore-

to prove inert in the majority of trees, new tables should be constructed, of which this point should be the highest branch or apex; and, as soon as all the other branches of any one of these are filled, the virus should be again obtained from the Cow, and the progressive vaccinations recorded upon a new tree. To render this effective, the first or experimental trees should be transmitted to the College of Physicians, or some other body appointed by the act to examine them and ascertain the point at issue; and, after that had been effected, the subsequent or standard trees should be distributed to individual practitioners by the same authority.

We are perfectly aware of the difficulty of obtaining observations on this point, which should, in every instance, be of a description to be implicitly relied upon, even by the aid of a legal enactment: but, if the majority were accurate, the purpose would be answered, and the private interests of practitioners, after the point was clearly ascertained and made known to the public, would be the surest guarantee for the accuracy of the standard trees.

We offer this suggestion to the readers of the Gazette in its present crude form, because it may perhaps elicit some discussion on the practicability of the measure and its utility; and these being determined, no great difficulty would arise in arranging the details of the plan. It is one, undoubtedly, of great importance to the public, in whose estimation the value of vaccination is obviously on the decline; and even the best informed professional observers are unsettled in their opinions. Indeed, were clear and correct information required respecting the history of any of the cases of small pox after vaccination which have occurred, we doubt whether it could be furnished; thence the necessity of adopting some measure to attain the truth.

Whatever may be thought of the project which we have brought forward, something should be done to stay the baneful effects which must necessarily follow the want of confidence which is now widely felt in the preventive efficacy of vaccination. If the poor cease to have their children vaccinated, they will either get them inoculated with Small pox, and, consequently, spread and keep up that loathsome and fatal disease, or, what is still worse, they will leave them altogether to their fate, that is, to the almost certainty of taking the disease by infection. In either case, the injury to society would be incalculable; and although we are not such enthusiasts as to believe that Small-pox can be exterminated, yet, without great pretension to the spirit of prophecy, we might predict that its appearance in these islands would "be few and far between," were proper means taken to investigate the real extent of the preventive power of vaccination, and when these have been ascertained to encourage, if not enforce, its general adoption. None can deny that Small-pox is propagated by infection; and although we must admit that the causes, whatever they were, which originally produced the disease, may again introduce it into any country, yet, were the springs of infection dried up, the baneful torrent which has so long risen from them would cease to flow, while centuries might intervene without the primary causes of the disease operating in sufficient force to restore its existence.

#### ASTRONOMY.

##### Evening Amusements for June.

THE most remarkable celestial phenomena for this month will be an Eclipse of the Sun, which will take place on the 16th day; but on account of the Moon's passing to the southward of our

line of vision, it will not be seen in any part of Europe, although the true conjunction of the Sun and Moon will occur when nearly in our meridian. This eclipse will be annular, and will present a very beautiful and interesting sight along the line of its concentric obscuration. The central appearance will commence about half-past ten o'clock in the morning of our time, near the city of Santa Cruz, in South America, and thence passing over the interior of Brazil, quits the continent of America close to Cape Saint Augustin. Continuing its course across the Atlantic Ocean, the Sun becomes centrally eclipsed while on the meridian, near the island of Saint Matthews, upon the Gulf of Guinea, and then crossing the African continent from Loango to Sofala, passes over the Mosambique Channel and Madagascar, disappearing on the eastern shores of the latter island near Port Dauphin. Scarcely any of the planetary bodies will be visible this month on account of their near approximation to the Sun. Mercury will be at his greatest elongation to the westward of the Sun, on the 10th day, in the constellation Taurus, but no favourable opportunity will be afforded for observation. Venus, Mars, and Saturn, are likewise to the westward of the Sun, and consequently rise before him. Venus becomes stationary on the 9th day, and exhibits her greatest brightness about the 19th day, when this planet will rise soon after two o'clock in the morning, and may be distinguished in the day-time. On the 13th day the Moon and Venus will set nearly together NW. by W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W. soon after five o'clock in the afternoon. Jupiter still continues a conspicuous object for our evenings, and the conjunctions of his satellites will be found very interesting. Only two emersions of his satellites will be visible to us this month. That of the second satellite will take place on the 1st day, at 9<sup>h</sup> 17<sup>m</sup> 10<sup>s</sup>; that of the first on the 4th day, at 10<sup>h</sup> 31<sup>m</sup>.

June 1, Jupiter culminates . . . . .	4 <sup>h</sup>	10 <sup>m</sup>
— sets NW. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. . . . .	11	54
— 25, 22 culminates . . . . .	2	48
— sets . . . . .	10	25

Jupiter has a progressive motion in constellation Cancer.

June 1, Georgian rises SE. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. . . . .	10 <sup>h</sup>	46 <sup>m</sup>
— culminates . . . . .	14	45
— 21, H rises . . . . .	9	20
— culminates . . . . .	13	20

The Georgian is still in constellation Sagittarius with a regressive motion, and will be found well worthy of observation.

#### Phases of the Moon.

☾ Last Quarter . . . . .	3 <sup>d</sup>	9 <sup>h</sup>	17 <sup>m</sup>
☾ New Moon . . . . .	16	0	22
☾ First Quarter . . . . .	22	23	15
☾ Full Moon . . . . .	29	22	4

WHEN the approximation of distant parts by a few miles, or even furlongs, is considered a most important advantage gained in the age of improvements, what must be thought of the discovery that brings the sun thirteen millions of miles!! nearer to the earth than it has hitherto been considered? Yet such, from the following, appears to be the fact:

Mr. W. Shires asserts, that the present theory of parallax, as depending upon the transit of Venus over the sun's face, is founded in error; and that the true theory is to be found from an occultation of a fixed star and Mars, when in opposition to the sun, and this to four hours of diurnal parallax, in lat. 51° 33' N. Mr. Shires states, that he found the chord to subtend an angle at Mars, of 12 seconds of the quadrant, wanting .034, whence follows, that the sun's distance from the earth is 82,000,000 of miles, and not 93,000,000.

#### ACUPUNCTURE.

THIS is an operation by means of which the Chinese, and still more frequently the Japanese, introduce into different parts of the body needles of gold or silver. In Europe, needles of steel have almost exclusively been used. To this therapeutic process the attention of the medical world in France has of late been called by numerous experiments, and by treatises describing the cases of a crowd of individuals who have been cured of the most intense rheumatic pains in the space of a few days, a few hours, and even a few minutes. Of all the French practitioners, M. Jules Cloquet, the principal surgeon at the hospital of St. Louis, is the one who has collected the greatest number of facts; and from the practice of that able surgeon, M. Pelléton, jun. derived a variety of observations, which he introduced into a memoir that he read to the French Institute. From what is at present known on the subject, it appears, first, that acupuncture may be practised on all parts of the body, avoiding however the arteries and the nerves; secondly, that the organs most essential to life, such as the lungs, the heart, &c. may be pricked without any dangerous consequences; thirdly, that in the majority of the cases in which it has been tried, the patient has obtained at least a mitigation of his suffering.

Bulletin Universel des Sciences et de l'Industrie, &c.

Universal Bulletin of Science and Industry, under the direction of the Baron Férussac.

THE Bulletin is already known to many readers as the greatest periodical undertaking of the present day, but its nature and classification have not, perhaps, been sufficiently explained. It appears monthly, and is divided into eight Sections, each of which may be had separately.

SECT. 1. The Mathematical, Physical, and Chemical Sciences.

2. The Natural and Geological Sciences.

3. The Science of Medicine.

4. The Agricultural and Economical Sciences.

5. The Technological Sciences.

6. Geography, Public Economy, Travels.

7. History, Antiquities, and Philosophy.

8. The Military Art.

In all forming 39 sheets per month and 18 volumes per annum. It will readily be conceived that such a vast enterprise must receive its full development at once. At present the collection is principally confined to extracts of all the principal journals of science and literature in Europe, and the numerous extracts from the English works, afford a proud point of comparison with the rest of Europe.

The Baron thus concentrates in his work a great portion of the labours of the learned in all countries; though from the extensive nature of the undertaking, the notices are necessarily sometimes in arrears. From the known talents and zeal of the director, however, this evil will, we trust, gradually diminish. Scientific men, finding the importance of the work, send original articles, and the Bulletin bids fair soon to outstrip most of its rivals. The analyses of works and memoirs are made with talent and impartiality, and the source of the article is invariably indicated: the words *Literary Gazette*, we observe with pleasure, are not unfrequently quoted as an authority.

Purposing hereafter to look more closely to the contents of the "Bulletin," for the periodical information of our readers, we have only room this week for the curious and interesting article on the mathematical law for ascertaining the distances and the apparent magnitude of bodies viewed with one eye, by C. L. Lemot.

The greater part of philosophers and phy-



siologists assure us; that the apparent magnitudes of bodies depend on the optical angle, the magnitude of the image formed on the retina, the intensity of the rays of light issuing from the object, in the distance we fancy it is placed, and especially from the habit we are in of seeing similar objects, which in short proves that we have no certain data whereby to calculate the magnitude of distant bodies.

"From several experiments I made last year, I think I have discovered this law, and that it is as follows: The apparent magnitudes of bodies are, in the compound ratio of the direct ratio of their real magnitudes, the direct ratio of their real distances, the direct ratio of their logarithms of their real distances, and the inverse ratio of those distances."

We confess this seems, from want of an algebraic equation, to puzzle us a little; we will therefore give his law in the original: *Les grandeurs apparentes des corps sont en raison composée de la raison des grandeurs réelles, de la raison directe, des logarithmes des distances réelles, et de la raison inverse de ces distances.*

"The applications of this new principle are numerous, and give, if I may so say, birth to a new science; for we may deduce from it the solution of an infinity of problems, of which hitherto only erroneous solutions have been given: such, for example, as the finding at what angles two rows of trees ought to be planted to appear parallel. The greater part of the phenomena called optical delusions, may not only be explained on this principle, but measured with mathematical precision. It is premised that the solution of these questions may be found by the rules of lineary perspective; but it is an error, as we may find in perusing D'Alembert's doubts on several optical questions."

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, May 21.—At a congregation on Monday last, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred, by royal mandate, upon the Rev. Frederick Holmes, B.A. of St. John's College, Professor in the Bishop's College at Calcutta.

27.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following Degrees were conferred:

*Doctor in Civil Law* (by royal mandate).—W. Freer, Esq. Master of Downing college, and Sergeant-at-Law.  
*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. B. Dudding, Catherine hall; Rev. T. W. Whitaker, Emmanuel college.  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—G. D. St. Quintin, J. Deedes, J. L. Freer, Trinity college; F. Osborne, Trinity hall; J. Hurnall, C. B. Stevenson, Emmanuel college.

At the above congregation the following gentlemen were admitted *ad eundem*:

Rev. J. Russell, D.D. Head Master of Charter-house school; Rev. W. H. Hale, M.A. Preacher at the Charter House; W. P. Richards, M.A.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 53, Portrait of Mrs. W. Turner. T. Phillips, R.A.—This is not only one of the most pleasing of Mr. Phillips's specimens of female portraits, but one of the most pleasing compositions of that description which we have seen. There is a chasteness in the colouring, and an effect in the chiaro-scuro, quite out of the ordinary course, but readily recognized for its truth of character.

63. Portraits of the Hon. Lady Palmer and child. M. A. Shee, R.A.—As a composition, this picture ranks with some of the best of the old masters in their favourite subject of the Madonna and Child. Of the likenesses, we have no knowledge; but judging from this artist's other productions, we cannot doubt of the verisimilitude. In the other qualities of art, it possesses the usual skill and careful pencil of Mr. Shee, and may be classed among his happiest efforts.

49. Portrait of Daniel Jarvis, Esq. painted at the request of the inhabitants of Margate, to be

placed in their Town Hall. J. Jackson, R.A.—We congratulate the town of Margate on possessing what we think the best of Mr. Jackson's works in this year's exhibition.

176. Portrait of Miss L. E. Landon. H. W. Pickersgill, A.—We have no intention to disguise our knowledge or our admiration of the talents of L. E. L., the author of "Improvisatrice," and of numerous poems which have adorned and enriched the numbers of the Literary Gazette; and the excellence of which has been fully recognized by the world of letters, as well as by the public at large. Of the portrait, and its merit as a work of art, we may fairly and truly say, that it is among the happiest efforts of the truly able artist's pencil, both in its picturesque arrangement, and its character and expression—where we may venture to quote of the subject, as well as in compliment to his talents, that,

"There's inspiration in that look, and the rapt eye,  
Beams with the powers of mental ecstasy."

Neither have we seen a portrait of more unaffected dignity, than is shown by the same artist in No. 184, the Earl Cornwallis. The attitude has the simplicity of the antique, while the dress is disposed and the accessories arranged in conformity to the character, with a skill that does credit to Mr. Pickersgill's powers of composition. His talents in colouring and execution are equally conspicuous in his other performances.

54. Titania. T. Stothard, R.A.—In this vision of the imagination, the sylph-like form of the Queen Fairy is merged in the elegant and classic character of Greek sculpture, and would suit an Iphigenia as finely as art could demand: but the play of fancy which distinguishes the pencil of Mr. Stothard, is abundantly obvious; and the garland, or circle of playful imps, by which the Titania of the artist is surrounded, is a happy thought, and gives great originality and interest to the scene where these merry actors are playing their gambols. It is the sole performance of this veteran artist in the present Exhibition; and we always regret the absence of his works, whom we so greatly admire.

64. L'Allegro. R. Westall, R.A.—would do quite as well for some favourite actor, between tragedy and comedy, as for the "Cheerful Man" of Milton. In point of execution, it is one of Mr. Westall's choicest productions: it is beautifully pencilled, and the witching form of Euphrosyne was never portrayed with more feeling or skill—and the whole performance is less mannered than many of his works.

106. The Travelling Druggist. W. Mulready, R.A.—To the simple incident of the Travelling Druggist, or Rhubarb Seller, Mr. Mulready has given some interest, by introducing a sick boy, awkwardly held in his mother's arms, while a girl in the bloom of health is standing near by way of contrast. In form and composition, the picture resembles the picturesque character of the Dutch and Flemish masters; but there it stops. The soberness of their style, so well suited to the nature of their subjects, makes no part of this performance; which strictly conforms to the character of Exhibition pictures, in which red, whether in or out of place, is adopted for the purpose of catching the eye. It appears as if the same notion were entertained by artists, of this colour, that filled the mind of the blind man, who (the Spectator tells us) thought it must resemble the "sound of a trumpet;" and that it would act upon the optics as that instrument does upon the ear. We do not apply this exclusively to Mr. Mulready—the vice (if it be one, as we think it is) is shared by many, and his Druggist has sufficient merit to over-balance the drawbacks we have mentioned.

112. The Highland Family. D. Wilkie, R.A.—Without reference to story or adventure, Mr. Wilkie's picture is not without interest, independent of its picturesque form and character. Highland manners, Highland costume, Highland whiskey—whether by Burns or by Scott—have been made objects of attention in the present day, beyond any thing that could have been anticipated by our English forefathers, so that their appearance is always agreeable. In the present instance they come recommended by all the essential qualities of fine art, in the absence of what Mr. Wilkie's greater labour might have produced in aid of the Exhibition, and are acceptable as a delightful variety.

127. The Trial of Lord William Russell, at the Old Bailey. G. Hayter.—With the fate of Lord W. Russell, and this feature of English history, every intelligent reader is fully acquainted; and as far as the representation of such a subject could be rendered into picture, it has been done here with great success. The characters, the accessories, the costume, have been made subservient to the artist's plan in a way the most striking imaginable; and the whole is so fine an example of talent, that we are not a little surprised to find it placed as much below the eye as its merits place it above many works which occupy better stations, with not half its claims.

#### ENGRAVED PRINTS.

1. No. 5.—Gems of Art.

2. Angling; engraved by G. H. Phillips, from a painting by W. F. Witherington. W. B. Cooke, Soho-square.

Of the first of these articles we have in the preceding Numbers had occasion to speak, and always in terms of approbation; indeed, the uniform character of Mr. Cooke's publications leaves nothing to doubt of the continued excellence of whatever he begins; and we have only to name the contents of the present Number to insure its interest with the public:

Plate 21. The Gypsy Fortune-Teller, after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

— 22. Boats in a Light Breeze, after Vander Capella.

— 23. The Laughing Boy, after Murillo.

— 24. Dutch Boats, after Teniers.

— 25. The Rialto, after Canaletti.

The Engravers are Messrs. Ward, Bromley, and Lupton.

"Angling" is one of the cleverest cottage subjects we have for some time seen—quite a Gainsborough composition; and the engraving, a first performance, would credit the best practitioners in the style of art in which it is executed, namely, that of mezzotint. There is a clearness in the figures, and a detail of foliage, which gives it altogether the character of a cabinet *bijou*: it is every way deserving the attention of the public, and also of the judicious collector.

#### WOODEN MARBLES.

A French gentleman, M. C. Malo, now in London, writes to us that he has discovered the secret of *imitating*, by means of a peculiar wooden paste, (without any inlaid work or incrustation) the most precious and rare sorts of natural marbles, and *creating*, according to the dictates of fancy or imagination, such different sorts of marble as nature does not produce. These marbles, he states, can be made of any size or thickness; and he adds, that the substance of his composition is of the greatest solidity, and does not want any re-touching or amelioration for many years. It can be washed and cleaned with an ordinary sponge. In case of accident, or many years' wear, it can be planed and renewed in the same way as common wood. The shavings taken off will show every vein of marble thus imitated, leaving the underpart, with all the veins, shades, and

polish, entire, and without in any way injuring the finish or beauty of the workmanship. The inventor has a patent.

#### THE LORD'S PRAYER: MINUTE ART.

Our attention has been called to a very curious effort of the graver, recently published by Mr. R. Williamson, of Lambeth. This is a plate on steel, representing the crucifixion. Immediately over the head of the Redeemer, a small circle appears, the eighth of an inch in diameter, in which the whole of the Lord's Prayer is accurately, and even elegantly engraved. This would seem almost impossible, and at first the eye glances incredulously at the space said to be so occupied, but a magnifying glass shows the statement to be perfectly true. Every word may be distinctly read. The letters *t e m p t a*, in the word temptation, are rather darker than the rest, but the whole is very legible; and the letter A, in the word Amen, has a bold flourish. The surrounding ornaments are in good taste. The Lord's Supper group is peculiarly happy. The scroll on the cross contains, in letters even smaller than those of the circle, the name of the artist.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

O lady, bid me not be gay,  
Or tune my harp to merriment;  
For still my hand would seek a lay,  
Should give to grief and sorrow vent.  
Of love I cannot sing—I've tried,  
But mine is the love fraught with pain,  
That's warm as Etna's glowing side,  
Yet only meets with cold disdain.  
Such is the love that I can sing,  
And such the tune that I can play,  
Then lady wilt thou hear me sing,  
Or listen to my joyless lay.  
O lady, ask not whence the sigh  
That rises now but half suppress'd,  
Nor lady ask me why this eye,  
Now now in glazing tears is drest.  
I once was gay—but now, alas!  
Sorrow's hand hath chill'd my blood,  
Like cold spring streams, which, as they pass,  
Cool all around the sunny flood.  
Then lady seek not sorrow's source,  
Or seek it in the storied page;  
Let grief pursue its sadder'n'g course,  
For time can sorrow best assuage.

R. S.

#### OH! HAST THOU NOT SEEN.

Oh! hast thou not seen on an April day,  
When the morning has been unclouded,  
Black tempests succeed to the sun's bright ray,  
And the evening with darkness shrouded?  
And hast thou not felt as I now feel,  
The striking lesson such scenes reveal?  
In the dawn of life, when the sun shines bright,  
And sheds its kind influence o'er us,  
Our spirits are high, and our hearts are light,  
And the prospect is fair before us;  
We little think then how soon our sky  
May grow dark with the storms of adversity.  
Each dream of bliss that we now hold fast,  
Each hope that we fondly cherish,  
Like flow'rs exposed to the rude wintry blast,  
Shall in their sweet beauty perish;  
And dark despair, like a withering stem,  
Shall be all that then remains of them.  
Let me not live on, while the beautiful bloom  
That grac'd my youth is declining;  
But, oh! let me sink to an early tomb,  
While the morning beams are shining;  
Ere yet the fair visions of boyhood are fled,  
And the storm of affliction has burst o'er my head.

EDGAR.

#### SONG.

Love's feast, 'tis said, on smiles  
And sweet confessing tears;  
And when with fond confiding cloy'd,  
On doubts and wayward fears.  
Yet think not, when these fail,  
That love doth thrive the less;  
Still in the heart it grows and feeds  
On bitter hopelessness. E.

#### THE CRESCENT MOON.

The heav'ns are gemm'd with many a star,  
But brighter than the brightest far,  
Behold the Crescent Moon on high,  
Lighting the dark blue depth of sky.  
Eastward she points her silver horn,  
To greet the chambers of the morn;  
Like happy hearts—which ever turn  
To where Hope's glowing visions burn.  
But sorrow comes, alas! too soon;  
Then, like the waning moon,  
Which looks to the declining west,  
The heart but seeks a place of rest.

May 24, 1825.

ROSA.

#### EISTEDDVOID.

THE Welsh annual entertainment, under this name, took place on Monday, at the Freemason's Hall; Lord Clive and Sir Charles Morgan presiding. The concert consisted, as usual, of vocal music and performances on the national instrument, the harp; accompanied by Penillion singing, the effect of which is extremely pleasing. Medals were awarded to several gentlemen for productions calculated to promote the literature of Wales; and one medal was presented to Mr. John Parry, for his distinguished cultivation of the music of his native country, and his services to the Eisteddvoid Institution. A dinner succeeded the amusements and business of the morning, and both meetings were brilliantly and numerously attended.

#### MUSIC.

The sixth Philharmonic Concert, on the 9th of May, not offering many materials for a separate notice, we combine here our observations on it with those of the seventh Concert, which took place last Monday. The principal novelties in the former were, a pianoforte concerto, played by Mr. Peile, and an overture, composed by Onslow. Both these artists are natives of this country, and their names appeared here for the first time on the concert-bills of the Philharmonic, but we trust it will not be for the last. Mr. Peile played Moschelles' new concerto in E, not only with a full command over its difficulties, but with so much judgment and animation, that he received the most flattering marks of approbation from the audience. Moschelles himself was present. Mr. Onslow is chiefly known as a writer of violin quartets, pianoforte trios, and duets for two performers on that instrument, many of which are much esteemed in Paris, and even at Vienna, which may justly be called the most musical city of Europe. The overture in question, written to a new opera, "L'Alcade de la Vega," now publishing at Leipzig, though somewhat learned, and difficult of comprehension on first hearing, nevertheless gave much more satisfaction than Spontini's overture to *Olympia*. It is an extremely effective composition, with fully as many original ideas as are requisite to inspire interest.

The seventh concert on Monday began with the *Sinfonia Eroica* of Beethoven, which lasted three quarters of an hour, and was moreover by no means well executed. Mr. Spagnoletti (as is the general opinion) is much more happy as a leader at the Italian opera than at these concerts. A Mr. Labarre made his debut on these boards

with a fantasia on the harp, and came off well. He succeeds better in *legato* passages, of which the nature of this instrument so little admits, than any one we ever heard. Madame Caradori, who sang in the most exquisite style, "Dammi un Segnale," by Mosca, could not possibly have been desirous of greater applause than she received on this occasion. Her voice evidently improves in strength, and she certainly improves herself in whatever tends to bring a practical musician nearer to perfection. Of Mr. Kiesewetter, in the violin quartet by Mayseder, it is sufficient to say, that there did not appear the slightest diminution of his "wonted fire."

The chief novelty of the evening, however, was Madame Pasta. Her first piece was an "Ave Maria," by Cherubini, accompanied by Mr. Vogt on the "Corno Inglese," which, strictly speaking, is nothing more than an enlarged hautbois, almost in the shape of a semicircle. Though this instrument was produced as a grand new invention, it was frequently in use about the middle of the last century. It is exactly one-fifth lower than the hautbois, and is also treated in the same manner. Its tone, though rather rough, approaches, as the hautbois does, very near the human voice. Madame Pasta's first notes are known to be what is called *husky*, particularly the lower ones, and in this "Ave Maria," her beginning intonation was certainly very disagreeable. She relieved us, however, very soon from this truly painful impression, by developing her fine voice in all its charms when she sang Rossini's "Tu ch' accendi, in which occurs the too well known "Di tanti palpiti." Yet thread-bare as this song now is, such is the originality of Madame Pasta's vocal ornaments and graces, that it appeared like a new air, and the clamours for its repetition were so great, that it was necessary to bring the songstress back, after she had retired out of the room for some time.

Among the benefit-concerts, none has been so numerously attended as that of Messrs. Cramer, on Tuesday last, which was perhaps owing in some measure to the current report, that it was Mr. J. B. Cramer's farewell concert; if so, as we do not doubt from what he has stated himself on that subject, the public loses one of the most finished and most classical pianoforte players it perhaps ever possessed.

Mr. J. Moschelles' first public appearance, after nearly two years' absence from this country, was at Drury Lane, on Saturday the 23d of May, with that universal favourite, his "Grand Variations on the Fall of Paris," which he performed with the same rapidity and bravura as ever, and, we think, with more finish and elegance.

Braham was in glorious voice at this oratorio; and a young lady of the name of Roche made a very favourable debut. Her organ appears to be exceedingly sweet, though her tremors were more powerful than her shake.

#### NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Among the newest compositions there is, indeed, no extraordinary phenomenon; at the same time we have met with various smaller pieces, which are likely to become popular, such as:

'Gentile Annette.' By Burrows. Chappell and Co.

This is a very pleasing French air of Boieldieu, which Mr. Burrows has turned into an equally pleasing rondo for the pianoforte. The beautiful original melody predominates throughout the whole; and though there is a good deal of modulation, it is altogether an easy piece, that might form a good lesson for such as are not quite beginners.

'My Bore she's but a Lassic yet,' also for the Piano-forte. By Thomas Valentine. Chappell and Co.

Every one must know this old favourite, as well here as in Scotland, whence it originally came. Mr. Valentine's treatment of the air comes under the denomination of 'variations,' though not stated so on the title; because, we suppose, the name has become somewhat stale. However that be, he has not spoiled the air by his additions: it is, for young pianoforte players, a very easy and pretty composition.

'Eria's Legacy; a Divertimento for the Piano-forte.' By T. A. Rawlings; No. 1. Chappell and Co.

What is meant by this No. 1. is not rightly understood from the title; but we guess Mr. Rawlings intends to write a series of Divertimentos on Irish airs, of which this is the first. For difficulty this composition stands much in the same class with the former two, and is not inferior to them in other respects. We hope Mr. Rawlings may be induced soon to bring out a second number.

'A Selection of original Scotch Airs for the Flute.' By Charles Saut. Cocks and Co.  
'No. 1. of original Irish Airs.' By the same Composer. Cocks and Co.

The admired airs from the Frieschütz, as arranged for the flute by Mr. Saut, became so popular as to attain a second edition, which happens rarely indeed with musical publications. Such an extensive public favour may be fairly taken as a proof of the goodness of a composition, and we ourselves are by no means inclined to withhold from the author the praise which he so much deserves as a skilful adapter. All the three selections of the Scotch, the Irish, and the German airs, form the most agreeable, and at the same time useful, lessons for flute players, that have lately come under our view. The number of the Scotch airs is 36, and that of the Irish 40.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

NAPLES, April 14.—On the 7th of this month died here, G. Savario Poli, a man of considerable eminence in the literary world—Director of the Military Academy of Naples, Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and of several other learned bodies. He was formerly tutor to his Majesty the present King of Naples, who always treated him with the greatest respect and affection. His Majesty visited him but a short time before his death, and honoured him by writing to him a most affectionate letter on his accession to the throne. Signor Poli was born at Molfetta in 1746, and studied in the University of Padua: he was the friend of Morgagni, Faccioli, Polemi, Arduino, Valsecchi, and other eminent men. He was sent by the government to travel in Germany, France, and England, chiefly for the purpose of viewing the improved machinery in those countries. Among his works are his *Natural Philosophy*, which has gone through ten editions, and his *Treatise on Testacei*, in two parts; the third is not published, but, we understand, is ready for the press. The funeral was conducted with great splendour, and Abbé Scollì delivered a very handsome and affecting discourse on the occasion.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### The Barrat.

NO. II.

A young Cornet joining his Regiment.

"You are to start to-morrow to join the old corps, in which I served for ten years," said the jolly Squire Hazlemere to his eldest son. "Upon looking at the Army List," continued he, "I do not see a single man of my own standing; some

are dead, some have left the army, and the few that remain in it are of very high rank. I should have been a general myself had I not sold out; but a wife and a family; parliamentary duty, and what I liked better than all, my pack of fox-hounds, made me turn my attention to taking care of my acres and my health, and of leading a peaceable and quiet life. 'The army, in my time, was quite another thing to what it is now: there was Jack Muster, as great a Martinet as any in the service; he had good borough interest, and got to be a major-general without ever seeing the face of an enemy beyond a dun or an attorney—he apothecary or the tailor, with their snipe-like bills about the end of the year; and Sir Brown Stout Maltby, the son of a brewer, who bought himself into quality and army rank together, and who now enjoys his *citium cum dignitate*; and Jack Tenor, who never was with his regiment, but who fought his way daily through two courses and a dessert, and was kept on the staff until the brevets came out, singing second all the time to men of quality; but now that's all up, success, say I, to the old long-tailed cavalry regiments! Why it would have required an act of parliament to move one of them; great bodies move slowly, Jack; so it was with us; but now the Duke has curtailed our comforts, and we are made light of—that regiment which you are about to join was heavy (very heavy) in my time, although it is now cut down to a light dragon one; however, we are now in piping times of peace; and I am sure that if ever you should be called to draw your sabre in Old England's cause, you'll behave like a man. Zooks! even I would turn out, old as I am, with my yeomanry corps; but you had better have a lunch, and take my carriage to join the mail; draw for what money you like, Jack, only don't overdo it—don't come it too strong. Shake hands, Jack, and be off, never mind mother's nonsense—off with you. Ah! by the bye, I see the family name of Lord Bothertown in the regiment; I think that must be the son of my old college friend and brother magistrate, and I should like to know what's become of the two Starts of racing fame who were in the corps a few months back. Come Jack, be quick, time presses—you'll be glorious drunk the first day, but it's what one may expect; don't overdo it, Jack, don't come it too strong—"medio intissimus ibis"—a thing d—d hard to do after a first mess-dinner; but if the officers are as good fellows as my comrades were, you'll be as happy as a king (and long may ours be happy); we had but one heart and one purse amongst us in my time. Now comes the chaise—farewell, Jack; bowl away, but don't overdo it, don't come it too strong; spare the poor greys—to 'em, my boy—off you go." Thus spake a kind-hearted father to his eldest son setting out to join his regiment. We shall omit his journey, and consider him as arrived at an out-quarter, there to be attached to a troop. The ideas of now unbanking in stylish life was delightful to the young Cornet; he was thinking all the way about the hard drink, and about his regimentals, and anticipating the friendships which he should form with the pearls of good fellows: he had plenty of cash and credit; say, even if they failed, there would be but one heart and one purse amongst his brother-officers and himself. At length he arrived. He asked at the head inn for his Captain; a smart non-commissioned officer standing on the steps replied, "the commanding officer has private lodging, but you will probably find him at his stables, or at the billiard-table;" he was at neither. He then returned to the inn, where he was introduced to the lieutenant, Mr. Lackintown, the son of a rich India director: he was in his robe de

chambre, but booted and spurred: he was extended on a sofa, a poodle dog at his feet, a cigar in his mouth, and he was reading a work of Monsieur Pigault Le Brun's: he bowed superciliously to the Cornet, and, on learning that he was come to join, he insipidly got out, "Ah! very well; sit down a moment and I will slip on a coat, and conduct you to Captain Bloom's." He offered him the newspaper, which he had time almost to spell, besides running over the racing calendar, and taking a peep at sundry odd volumes of greater notoriety than worth. The Lieutenant at last appeared in a regimental tunic, splendidly embroidered with silk, and a foraging-cap rakishly put on, and he conducted Jack Hazlemere to the Captain's. Jack had half extended his hand towards his brother officer, and felt an inclination to take him by the arm, but the lofty deportment of the Lieutenant repulsed him. On the way the latter observed, "You know who Bloom is—the Honourable Captain Bloom—a son of Lord Laversden; he is one of the best fellows on earth, blow me; the easiest creature breathing, good-natured to a fault: he leaves all the discipline of the troop to me, and I shall be happy to make you as comfortable as I can." Thanks were expressed. Arrived at the Captain's private lodgings, his French valet announced *les deux Messieurs*, and the Honourable Captain was found with a large table covered with cards before him, habited in a yellow satin dressing-gown, his hair in papers, morocco slippers, his neck open, and appearing as if in petticoats, from having on a pair of Greek pantaloons of immense dimensions, the curiosity of which he much prized. He nodded familiarly to Hazlemere, and thus addressed Lackintown: "I say, Lack, what a d—d bore this is; I have been four hours making the combination of numbers of times that the colours may run at *rouge et noir*, and can make neither head nor tail of it, although I gave Count Robamano 25 Naps to teach me the calculation: it is *bad taste* to pay one's money for nothing." "If it isn't, blow me," answered the Lieutenant. "But," continued the Captain (with a long vacant stare), "*ce Monsieur*, who have I the pleasure of seeing in the person of your friend? It's *bad taste* not to know, *quo nomine* *gaudet* (as we used to say at Harrow), the certain individual presented—" (what nonsense thought Hazlemere)—"the Cornet come to join," said Lackintown; "glad to see you," cried the Honourable Captain Bloom. Here Jack could not resist offering his palm, and he received in return the index-finger of his commanding officer. It was now six, and they separated to dress: this was the fourth *toilette* of the Lieutenant; he rode out, first in mufty; then came in and put on the robe de chambre of Parisian manufacture; the tunic succeeded this; and the undress uniform was assumed for dinner. At seven the bugle announced dinner at the mess, which consisted of only three, the officers of the troop. Jack thought of how drunk he should be; but resolved to follow dad's advice, and *not to overdo it, nor to come it too strong*—(all men have their silly cant words; *bad taste* was that of the Captain—*blow me* that of the Lieutenant). Seated at table, the commanding officer took the head of the table, Lackintown the foot, the Cornet the right side, and an empty chair was set for Napoleon, the poodle (so the animal was nominated). A German servant waited on one dandy, and a French valet attended the other. "Who made the soup?" (soup) lisped out Bloom, "*C'est moi*," said the Frenchman. "*C'est bon*," accented the Captain, "it's *bad taste* to have one's soup fabricated by a shoe cook, or a native. Will you have a *thopful*" (to Hazlemere)—The waiter now looked in—"turn out the waiter," whispered the Honour-

\* The Squire was a great body too.



able to his foreign attendant, "it's bad taste to have a common waiter behind one's chair." "If I don't hate that fellow, blow me," exclaimed Lack (as he was justly called) "he smells so curiously of the bar, and I hate every thing that is about the bar, from the Chief Justice to the crier of the Court." This caused a cold smile. Hazlemere could have taken another spoonful of soup, but a motion from the chair banished it: a little wine was poured into each glass; "slow and sure," thought the Cornet; it was slow, but not sure: the Lieutenant filled his glass up with water; not a look was cast from one to the other: the fish was now served up. "What game have we?" inquired Bloom. "Noting but *rin faisant*," answered the German—"Alive *das is besser* as *nicht*." "Yes, *nicht* indeed, blow me," ejaculated Lackintown; "the woodcocks have not come down by the coach as promised; the devil—." Here the Captain interposed: "don't be in a passion, Lack, it's bad taste to heat oneself." A made dish and the pheasant, a jelly and a charlotte, completed the repast. "What cheese?" lisped the progeny of Lavender. "Stilton," said one of the attendants. "I can't eat Stilton, blow me," was the remark of Lack. "I shall braungee some Parmesan," quoth the Frenchman. "Well and good," observed the Captain, "it's bad taste to eat English cheese. Have we a pine?"—"Oh yes; and some grapes sent down from Gunter's"—"and olives!"—"Oh yes." "A hard drink now," said the young Squire to himself; and not having half dined, anticipated devilled drum-sticks, and all the inflammatory of the old dragon system: he was also preparing to drink the King in a bumper, the regiment in another, fox-hunting standing on the table, and had cleared his voice for a rattling song; but all was piano; one glass of madeira, one of champagne, and two of claret; the Lieutenant called for sugar and water after dinner, on the cloth's being removed. During dinner the Captain received three scented billets (not soldiers' billets); a fourth now came, and he gently exclaimed, "I must be off to Victorine. Alphonse," (the French servant,) "bring coffee." On his retiring, the second in command congratulated Hazlemere on falling into such a crack corps; assured him that his mess would only cost him a guinea per day; let him into the secret of his commanding officer's having a *chère amie*, which occasioned him to withdraw, and was sorry, blow me, that he could not take another glass or two of wine on account of a trifling indisposition. "Drinking," said he, "at best plays the devil with a man's complexion: but have you brought down a light mail with you?" "I came in the mail," replied the Cornet. "Nonsense; but have you not a four-in-hand concern?" "No."—"Nor a tandem?" "No."—"Nor a curriole?" "No."—"Blow me, that won't do; the Captain will call that bad taste; he has two carriages, and ten horses." Hazlemere informed him that he had a couple of seasoned hunters and a hack, and that he meant to consult his brother officers as to purchasing a charger. "True, true," said Lackintown; "but you must have some sort of a tub, a cabriolet, stanhope, or break-neck, and a nag or two more," concluding by telling him that the regiment had private races occasionally, and a tandem club;—all this time he was amusing himself by listening to his musical snuff-box. "By the bye," resumed he, "you don't take snuff; we must teach you that habit, and you must provide yourself with a Hooker;" so saying he took up a light, and apologizing for having letters to write, he went up to his chamber. The young Cornet sat down to write to his father in the lowest possible spirits, he called for a glass of brandy and water,

and after contrasting the bold dragon, the generous fellow of his father's time, with the selfish muscadin of the day, wished himself heartily at home again under the hospitable roof of Hazlemere Hall, then repeating "*tempora mutantur*," in a sad tone, he went to bed sadly sober, disappointed and disgusted, and waked, d—ing the modern crack corps of dragons to the sound of the bugle.

N.B. Lord Botherdown's son had been ruined in the regiment, and had gone to France; the two Starts were in the King's Bench—a pretty prospect for the young Cornet!

#### DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

On Wednesday, a new farce was performed for the first time, called *Grand Papa*. It had been deferred no less than four times—and had it been put off *sine die*, the public would have sustained no loss, as a more dull or rapid production was never offered to their notice. Mr. Randolph, a gentleman eighty years of age, has two grandchildren, a boy and a girl, both of whom fall deeply in love at an assembly, and both of whom apply to their *Grand Papa*, to assist them in obtaining the object of their respective wishes. The young lady tells her story first, but no measures are taken for her relief. The young gentleman is more successful, as in order to get rid of a rival, he persuades his *Grand Papa* who is immensely rich, to make his mistress an offer of his hand, which offer, he concludes, the avaricious disposition of her father will accept; and then it is settled, that when the lady is once betrothed, all interest in her person is to be transferred into his own possession. This very wise arrangement, which is carried into effect, leads to two or three incidents, neither novel, entertaining, nor ingenious. It is in fact a business of complete twaddle, from first to last; the offsprings, probably, of an author upon his last legs, and adopted only to an audience of "grand-papas" and grand-children;—a theatre in decay—and a manager in his dotage. As a specimen of the dialogue, the most pointed speech we can recollect was that of the old housekeeper, who told her master, that if he married a young woman, "She would become a frosty breeder of young Decembers." Terry, as the old fool—and Mrs. Yates, as the young one—did what they could with it, but nothing could save it from destruction. It was completely d—d; and, in obedience to the public decision, announced in the bills of the following day for three more performances.

#### HAYMARKET.

The Manager of this Theatre, instead of presenting us with a variety of new pieces, his best if not his only chance of success, seems to prefer "measuring swords" with his more formidable rivals, by attempting the representation of plays which require a much fuller company than he at present possesses, and which only serve to exhibit his own inferiority. In pursuance of this faulty system, *As You Like It*, and the *Provoked Husband*, have been attempted during the past week; but with the exception of *Vestris*, as *Rosalind*, and Mrs. Davison, as *Lady Townley*, very inadequately sustained. A Mr. Mude, from Newcastle, made his appearance in *Jaques*, and *Lord Townley*; but, in the former character he wants discrimination, and in the latter he is deficient in dignity and grace. As an actor in a more humble sphere, he would be extremely useful; in first-rate parts he only provokes comparisons he would do wisely to avoid. Whilst we are upon the subject of country performers, we would recommend Mrs. Humby, now she is in Rome, "to do as Rome does." The song she introduces in *Miss Jenny* had better be omitted.

In vulgarity may please the frequenters of the gallery; but to see beauty and talent so badly employed, must make "the judicious grieve." It might do very well in St. George's-fields, but is misplaced here. "*Verbum sat*."

#### POLITICS.

Accounts of the preparations for crowning the King of France fill the foreign journals: at home we have nothing.

#### VARIETIES.

*Expedition*.—Captain Beechey, in the *Bliss*, sailed last week for the Pacific. His instructions are, to visit and lay down precisely, Pitcairn, Otaheite, Easter and Friendly Islands, &c. and then to proceed to Behring's Straits, where his operations are (it is hoped) to be connected with the expeditions of Parry and Franklin.

*New Metal*.—A new metallic composition has lately been invented by Dr. Geitner, an able chymist in Saxony, the properties of which closely resemble those of silver. It is malleable, is not subject to rust, and is not liable to become tarnished. This composition has already been made use of in the manufacture of candlesticks, spurs, &c. and will in all probability (according to some of the foreign scientific journals) be converted into a substitute for plated goods.

*Fresh Water*.—As a means of preserving water at sea, an officer of the name of Ruyter recommends the use of a composition of resin and olive-oil well mixed with brick-dust, to which he gives the consistence of varnish. He renders the resin adherent by melting it with olive-oil, which unites itself with great facility to iron, with which it becomes perfectly combined when applied to it very hot. Its combination with the brick-dust gives it a sufficient degree of solidity without altering its adherent quality. This plastering, when applied to the inside of the casks, is not liable to be dissolved by water; which, on the contrary, increases its hardness, while it preserves the iron on the outside from being rusted. The author states, that he has employed this composition for several years on casks bound with iron hoops, which underwent no oxidation, and therefore rendered the use of pitch unnecessary.

*Charcoal*.—An apparatus, called *Charbonnière*, has been invented by M. Mollerat, in France. This apparatus is so constructed as to extract the greatest possible quantity of charcoal from the combustible to which it is applied. In the carbonization of wood, 30 parts only in a hundred are fixed and produce charcoal, 15 parts are converted into gas, 20 parts consist of water in a state of evaporation, 20 of pyroigneous acid, and 15 of vegetable oil, which requires no less than 250 degrees of heat to make it evaporate.

*Antiquities found at Famars*.—At the end of April, the workmen clearing an aqueduct which conveyed water to the fort of Famars, found a bronze bust, in perfect preservation and of admirable workmanship, representing a divinity crowned with ivy leaves and flowers, who can be no other than Bacchus, to whom that plant was sacred, as a preservative against intoxication. In the same place was found a very small bronze bust of an extraordinary form; and a stone weight, with a ring fixed into it by means of lead. Some Roman medals of bronze were picked up at the same place.

Some peasants lately found in a cavern in the forest of Spelitz, in Silesia, 6,000 ducats, coined of Flanders, during the time that that country was subject to Spain. There were also skeletons of horses and a quantity of arms of all descriptions. It is conjectured that this was one of the seats of the celebrated Secret Tribunal.

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